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Mazzini
And Other Essays

By

Henry Demarest Lloyd

Author of "Lords of Industry," etc.

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PREFATORY NOTE

THE author's literary executors make grateful acknowledgment to the publishers of *The Forum* for courteously according permission to include in this volume the essay entitled "Emerson's Wit and Humor."

CONTENTS

	PAGE
MAZZINI: PROPHET OF ACTION . . .	1
A DAY WITH WILLIAM MORRIS . . .	42
EMERSON'S WIT AND HUMOR . . .	71
SIR HARRY VANE	101
SOME DUTCH NOTIONS	109
FREE SPEECH AND ASSEMBLAGE . . .	125
THE SCHOLAR IN CONTEMPORARY PRACTICAL QUESTIONS	147
IS PERSONAL DEVELOPMENT THE BEST SOCIAL POLICY?	190
NO MEAN CITY	201
INDEX	233

Mazzini and Other Essays

I

MAZZINI: PROPHET OF ACTION[1]

THERE is a stage on which the players, coming out of the dark into a strange light, play parts they do not know, in a drama of which they can see neither the beginning nor the end. Spectators and actors at the same time, they are pushed along by new players crowding in behind. The lights fall only on the stage, and they play to an unseen king in the dark. They catch but broken glimpses, as they pass and act, of the scene, and the story, and of their fellow-players. Sweating, fighting, revelling; lured by a bubble here, dashing after a beckoning hand there; always hurried on by the players behind;

[1] Lecture before the weekly Economic Conference at Madison Street Theatre, Chicago, Illinois, February 23, 1889.

seeing all of nothing and of no one; drinking no cup to the bottom; pushed nearer and nearer to the exit; straining backward for one more look at the faces that have declared themselves ours—suddenly out of the light, into the night, we go!

Here and there a few rare faces lifted above the rest, and always turned toward the light, declare aloud that in the light they see revealed one source, one history, one hope for all. Hunted and scourged by the crowd, they sing of an increasing purpose that through the ages runs, and, like the others, pass on into the night. But the song they lifted never dies. It grows. The waves of life beneath and light above meet in waves of music, and the waves of music spread in waves of love.

Such a soul and such a singer was Mazzini. He was the prophet not only of Italy but, as William Clarke says, of the whole modern world. Italy owes it to him that she is reunited and is to be free. But the world owes him something greater than even the regeneration of one member of the brotherhood of peoples, much as that is.

He carried a step forward the religion of

Christ, and Wycliffe, for church, state, and society. He saw that there was but one principle at the foundation of all growth and reform, from religious to economic—the principle of "one God, one humanity, one law, one love from all for all." And in his life he lived his religion.

That which makes Mazzini a unique figure is, first, that he voices the newer aspirations of his age on so many different sides—religious, artistic, political, social, economic, individual. Many have become eminent men who have spoken on only one or another of these no better than he on all. That which next marks him as a unique figure is that he was not only a voice to utter the aspirations of his time but an arm to do them. "Work is worship," he said. "God thinks in acting." "An unacted thought is a sin." A truth uttered was to Mazzini but half the truth: the other half was to execute it. Truth, whether in state, church, art, or society, was a sword which is to be seized by the handle of thought only to strike with the blade of action. "Talk to the working people," he said, "not in doctrines which they are too tired to follow, but in acts. These they can understand." His was the

passion sincere enough to convert the thinker into the apostle. Two selfishnesses, very popular with people to-day, he especially abjured. He would not spend his time singing and praying and crying to God to save his soul. He would not give himself up to study and culture to save his mind. He was always busy about soul and mind, but it was always the soul and mind of others. "God in judging us will not ask 'What hast thou done for thy soul?' but 'What hast thou done for the soul of others?' " Under his inspiration when the Lombardians rose against the Austrians, their cry was not "Our Liberty!" but "Liberty for all, or for none!" For the formulas of other schools: "To each according to his strength," "To each according to his needs," he substituted this: "To each according to his love"—a law of distribution which no cunning of vested rights can evade.

In the political classification, Mazzini, living between 1805 and 1872, is one of the group who in the French Revolution, the American War of Independence, and the European insurrections of 1848, carried into government the principles which Christianity had proclaimed in religion. The French Revolution

he defined as the translation of Protestantism into politics.

In art, he stands with those who, like Victor Hugo and Wagner, threw off the tyrannous authority of ancient form and ideas. Like them, he declared for the Renaissance which asserts the same right of free converse for man's mind with nature's mind which the Reformation asserts for his soul with nature's soul. Before Wagner had struck a note, Mazzini had stated the new principles of the music of the present—miscalled the music of the future because it is not the music of the past. Music, Mazzini felt to be "the sole language which, by being common to all nations, is explicitly prophetic of humanity. It is the harmonious voice of creation, an echo of the invisible world, one note of the divine concord which the entire universe is destined to sound."

Before Emerson had set free the new religious thought of America in his Divinity School Address, Mazzini had anticipated him in Europe and had declared the son of God to be all mankind. Mazzini went beyond Emerson, for he announced a definite faith for the future. Emerson was not constructive.

According to his philosophy, to have a system was to be wrong.

Mazzini was a conspirator because he was too faithful to God and the people to see them betrayed, too honest to live in submission to wrong, too brave to accept peace without honor. To use secret means instead of open ones was part of the self-sacrifice of his life—which was all self-sacrifice.

> Give me [he wrote to the tyrants of Italy], the press free from sequestrations, liberty of association, individual liberty, free from domiciliary visits, free from preventive imprisonment and the violation of correspondence—give me freedom to pass from city to city, and the right to convene meetings—and I will abstain from all secret organization and all preparation for rebellion.

He kept this pledge, and when only a partial freedom of discussion was given, abandoned his conspiracies.

Cavour said the liberty of Italy was a Utopian dream, and conspired against it with French usurper, and Austrian tyrant, and Italian traitor, down to the very last. Louis Napoleon conspired against France. Victor Emmanuel conspired against Italy. Mazzini conspired too,

but he conspired for his country and for Europe; for liberty and the right. He thought it more pious to dig underground with God than to sit on the throne with the devil. Coming into action just after the French people, declaring their independence, had been crazed into terror and then crushed by a conspiracy of the reigning families—royal and noble—of Europe, he took up the torch of political Christianity as it fell from the hand of betrayed France, and carried it on. Despots and aristocrats, conspiring against Italy as against France, called Mazzini a dreamer; but he was practical enough to rob them of their sleep every night for forty years. He was practical enough to defeat their plans and recreate Italy. When the Pope heard Mazzini was coming, he ran away. Louis Napoleon hated Mazzini more than any other man in Europe, and gave his photograph to every policeman in France.

There have been philanthropists, patriots, religious reformers, labor reformers, creators of nations, but none like Mazzini, who was all of these in one, and was such by one principle. The Earl of Shaftesbury gave his whole life to doing good. On the statue placed in his memory in Westminster Abbey is an inscrip-

tion which expresses perfectly the spirit in which he, a noble man though a nobleman, spent his strength: "Endeared to his countrymen by a long life spent in the cause of the helpless and suffering." But the Earl of Shaftesbury never dreamed of attacking the causes of the wretchedness he relieved. He was a pioneer in factory legislation, ten-hour laws, and similar palliatives of the ills of our present social system—or want of system—but he never searched below the philosophy of palliatives into the philosophy of preventions. He did get so far as to say: "Talk of the dangerous classes! indeed! The dangerous classes are the lazy ecclesiastics, of whom there are thousands, and the rich who do no good with their money." But Mazzini did not—could not—stop on the border-land of the social question. He went straight to the central fault which produced all these ills, and insisted that a truer faith should be taught, and that then all social arrangements should be made true to that faith.

Kossuth was a passionate patriot; but his love of Hungary filled his measure. When he came to America, he was base enough to bend his knee to the slave power as a part of

his tactics to secure the help of America. So doing, he lost both his cause and his character. Mazzini loved Italy; but his love for Italy taught him love for all struggling nationalities and all oppressed peoples. He labored for the liberty of Switzerland, Poland, Hungary, as well as Italy. Though desiring as keenly as Kossuth the countenance of the great and prosperous American Republic, he refused to dissimulate his horror of American slavery and denounced it again and again.

Bismarck, one of the fathers of German unity, says that he was a Republican in his youth, but family influences and prospects of political preferment overcame the prepossession. Like Bismarck, Mazzini was a Republican in his youth, but, unlike Bismarck, he was still a Republican in his old age, and to the end. Mazzini's father disowned him until he should renounce his Quixotic crusade for Italian liberty; and he could have had the place Cavour had if he had abandoned his apostolate for Italian unity and freedom. But family influence and political honors were nothing to him compared to the right. It has always been inexplicable that so many of the American Abolitionists could not see that

the emancipation of the negroes was but part of the emancipation of all workingmen. This, no doubt, on the principle stated wittily by Emerson that there is nothing a reformer hates so much as another reformer. Wendell Phillips almost alone was great enough to comprehend that black slavery was only an extreme instance of capitalism. "Is it enough," said Mazzini, "to liberate the blacks when our fellow whites are groaning around us?" When William Lloyd Garrison closed the American Anti-Slavery Association, he and Quincy and others sat down to enjoy the honor and rest they had won. Wendell Phillips but tightened his girth, added the cause of the white slaves to that of the black slaves and died in the cause. Similarly Mazzini followed a clue which taught him that one fallacy, one sin, lay at the root of the wrong done the negroes, the workingmen and all the oppressed people of Europe.

Luther, as Bancroft tells us, "spared the altar—and permitted the cross and taper, pictures and images, and left the organization of the Church to princes and governments." To Mazzini such compromises were impossible. This was not a mind which like the midnight

sun of the North Cape could hesitate with a dull glow on the edge of things. Whatever horizon he entered, he mounted to the zenith and shone central. He knew nothing of the shallowness or hypocrisy which leads one reformer to protest he does not mean to meddle with politics and another that he will not disturb the Church, and another that he raises no question about social classes. William Lloyd Garrison said at first that it was through the Church slavery was to be abolished, though the Church soon cured him of that. But Mazzini proclaimed from the outset that all revolutions are religious. "All great ages," says Emerson, "are ages of belief." "The first real earnest religious faith," says Mazzini, "that shall arise upon the ruins of the old outworn creeds will transform the whole of our actual social organizations." And again he said: "The man who discovers the religion of democracy will save the world."

Mazzini believed himself one of the apostles of this new faith. What was this faith? It was not a denial of the old faiths, but a continuation, a broadening of them. "We advance," he says, "encouraged by the sacred promises of Jesus. We seek the new gospel of

which before dying He gave us the immortal hope, and of which the gospel is but the germ, even as man is but the germ of humanity." But Mazzini also declared that the attempts to recall Christianity to its primitive purity, or to relink the papacy with the emancipated and enlarged life of the peoples were dreams; and that protestantism, with its mere liberty, its confusions of belief, its want of authority and consequent powerlessness in action, had given the world a striking demonstration of want of power and of decay.

In his letters to Daniel Stern he wrote:

I am neither Catholic nor Protestant. I recognize freely the greatness of those beliefs, the truth they have borne and that they still bear. But the future brings a grand religious transformation, and Protestantism and Catholicism will be only signs to mark the religious progress of the past. Philosophy, he writes again, cannot fill the void in the life of the world. It never has done it. It never can do it. It proudly claims to be the science of life. Its real function is to sum up the beliefs of the religion of the past, which is dying, and to prepare for those of the religion which is to succeed. Philosophy has never done anything but that. It is doing that to-day for Christianity and it is doing well.

Be sure, sooner or later, there will be founded a

church, and the moment approaches. At first it will be a church of precursors only. The ancient church had for its mission to free the individual: its precursor was an individual. The new church is to set free Collective Humanity; and it will have a collective precursor. A great crisis will come. Some nation will rise in the name of all, with Duty for its motto, and the grand church of the future will emerge on a declaration, not of rights, but of duties. This church, founded on unity of faith and action—not on analysis, anarchy of creeds, protestantism—will contain a conception of the law of God broader than that of Christianity; and it will hold open to men the wide portals of the future. This church will be neither infallible nor intolerant. It will say "Faith is sacred; heresy is sacred." For faith represents the principles and authority of mankind; heresy the individual and his liberty.

Like Dante, Mazzini reasoned out his faith from the oneness of God, the oneness of the universe, and the oneness of humanity. His formula, both of revolution and religion, was GOD AND THE PEOPLE; which in 1848 he made the motto of the Roman Republic. All mankind must be one, and collective humanity alone is the representative and interpreter on earth of God's law. "Where the people are, there is God." "History shows us the unlearned ever the first to seize and comprehend

through the heart's logic the newest and most daring truths of religion." "God's law is a law of progress for all men alike, with no right in any man or class to exercise of any undelegated authority. This law of progress is continuously revealed to mankind." "Every religion is an initiation towards the one destined to succeed it." "An educational revelation ceaselessly descends, varying with the times, upon the peoples. To seek to limit that revelation to one age, or one people, or single individual, is a heresy denying God and the unbroken connection between Him and humanity." "Humanity is destined gradually to discover and incarnate God's thought on earth." "The sole revelation made to man by God is life, and in that the Divine law is to be sought." "The instinct of progress, innate in humanity from the beginning and now become a leading tendency of the human intellect, is the revelation of God to mankind, a revelation vouchsafed to all, and continuous."

All men are free to declare the thought of God, or what they think to be the thought of God, as it flows into their minds. Out of this medley of intuitions and revelations the

truth emerges by its verification in the experience of individuals and mankind. This union of science and conscience, of intuition and experience, of aspirations and fulfilment, of the people and the person, is the source of the new and real authority which will govern mankind.

Here is to be found the reconciliation of the freedom of the individual and the rule of the right. Mazzini denied the fatal antagonism between heaven and earth then maintained by the Church. Earth, matter, is the embodied thought of God, and sacred. It is to be sanctified, not to be despised as the existing churches teach, as the abode of sin and suffering. "Tell us not the earth is of clay," he says. "The earth is of God. It is the workshop wherein we can work out our development and advance one step in the scale of existence to a higher stage." "This workshop was not given," he says, "to a few. It was given to Labor." Life, which the churches have taught was an expiation to be endured with resignation, Mazzini summed up in one magnificent saying. "Life is a mission. Duty its highest law." "The body and soul," he said, "are one, and one the law by which they

are governed." Therefore it was that he declared the present economic state of things to be one "from which we must at any cost escape."

Mazzini was, above all, a religious man. "Religion represents the principle; politics, the application." And because he was religious, he was a revolutionist. "A religious principle," he declares, "has presided over two-thirds of the revolutions of single peoples and over all the great revolutions of humanity."

These doctrines of God and the people, the law of progress, a continuous revelation, humanity the sole interpreter of the law of God, no privileged middlemen between God and man, the divineness of earth, life a mission, duty its highest law, were the religion of Mazzini. His opinions grew out of his faith and his acts out of his opinions as simply as the apple out of the apple-blossom. The straight line he drew from God to the people decapitated all the priesthoods. "Whoever," he said, "arrogates to himself the continuous revelation of God to the people, and asserts that he is the privileged intermediate between God and man, is a blasphemer." From his worship of collective humanity as the sole

interpreter and executor of the law or God, and the sole administrator of the earthly estate of mankind, he reasoned to the Republic, the equality of women, universal suffrage, public education, the abolition of all privilege, and the emancipation of labor. He taught that all monarchies and aristocracies are destined to pass away and give place to the people. The Republic will be universal; and in place of the Holy Alliance of despots, there will be a holy alliance of all the peoples in everlasting peace. He writes:

Before God there is no master, no slave, no men, no women, but only human nature, which must be everywhere responsible, therefore everywhere free and equal. . . . There is no true association except among equals. There is no true country where uniformity of right is violated by caste, privilege, or inequality. . . . The law of equality between soul and soul lies at the root of every great belief linking man to God."

To the workingwomen of Genoa he wrote:

Bear in mind that the inequality you deplore dates its origin from a dogma which declared woman created from man and after man, and also declared that the earth was accursed. Emancipate yourselves

from that dogma and its representatives, not by an immoral denial of religion but by accepting the new religious manifestation which is inevitable and which you may hasten.

On the social question, now rising black-browed upon the future, Mazzini followed, as elsewhere, his clue of God and the people and no middlemen. He says:

We believe in the people, one and indivisible, recognizing neither caste nor privileges save those of genius and virtue, neither proletariat nor aristocracy whether landed or financial, but simply an aggregate of forces and faculties consecrated to the wellbeing of all, to the administration of the common substance and possession—the terrestrial globe,—the land of the people.

[Again:] Education, the fatherland, liberty, association, the family, property, and religion, are all undying elements of human nature. They cannot be destroyed; but every epoch has the right and duty to modify them according to the intellect of the age, the progress of science, and the altered conditions of human relations.

[Again:] It is absurd to say "instruct yourself" to a man who is working for his daily bread fourteen to sixteen hours a day, or to tell *him* to love who sees nothing around him but the cold calculations of the speculator and the tyranny of the capitalist legislator. Hence, the social question is inevitably grafted on the

political question. They can be separated only by destroying both.

[Again:] Capital is the tyrant of labor. Liberty of competition for him who possesses nothing—who cannot even initiate a competition—is a lie. . . . The remedy for the wrongs of labor is to be found in the union of labor and capital in the same hands. . . . Labor must become a partner in society, or labor will destroy society.

[Again:] To the emancipation of the slave has succeeded that of the serf; that of the serf must be followed by that of the workman. In the course of human progress, the aristocracy have undermined the despotic privilege of royalty; the financial aristocracy have undermined the privilege of birth; and now the people, the workers will undermine the privileges of property and money.

[And to close these quotations:] The sole aristocracy of to-day is the aristocracy of wealth; the sole aristocracy of to-morrow will be the eternal, divine, beneficent aristocracy of intellect and virtue—at its highest, genius; but that, like everything that descends from God, will arise among the people and labor for the people.

There is a famous mountain at the top of which is a golden bird, and a spring of immortal truth to which only the bird can show the way. The bird sings forever: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you

free." For ages countless feet have sought to reach the summit, that they might follow the bird and find the immortal spring; but no one has ever gained the top. It is the law of this quest that none shall conquer it but those who shut their ears to all behind them, and never falter nor turn, nor ever cast even one look back. Many bands of reformers, of believers, of apostles, of liberators, have begun to climb, joyous and confident. But the moment they turn their backs to the world and their faces to the truth, there bursts out behind them at every step a din of curses, cajoleries, entreaties, sneers, threats, cries for help, eager warnings, sweet whispers of sin—the louder the farther they climb the enchanted steep. One after another the climbers have hesitated, listened, and then, terrified or seduced or provoked or tired out, have turned and instantly sunk into petrified sleep by the roadside like all who have gone before. All have fallen, some at one height, others at another. Still the bird sings: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

One day there are to come the brothers who will press on to the prize, and reach the spring

of truth, and freedom. They will descend the path and with the precious water sprinkle the stony sleepers by the roadside. All will spring to life again. These brothers will bring to the others the consummation of their hopes and aims. Through them all will know the truth and all will be free.

All the revolutions of the past stand to-day in arrest, incomplete. Bribed, frightened, or misled, they have faltered, looked backward and sunk by the roadside, to sleep a deathlike sleep. The revolution of Christ declared that not the Hebrews alone but all men were the chosen people of God, and that all men were brothers. Wycliffe's and Luther's revolution freed men from religious middlemen. The American and French revolutions broadened the two preceding revolutions into the political freedom of the people. And yet brothers are still foreigners to each other; Europe spends $2,000,000,000 a year in preparing for fratricidal slaughter; the slaughter of the markets is more bloody than that of the field of war. And between God and man, and man and man, still stand kings, emperors, czars, and priesthoods of religion and property. The Christian revolution, the Protestant revolution

the American revolution, have mounted but not to the top They are not dead but they are sleeping. Another revolution must come to recall them to work. Religious liberty, political liberty, are incomplete and unsafe; they must fall by the way as long as there is not industrial liberty. As long as industrial privilege remains, it keeps all other forms of privilege alive. No man is free as long as any man is a slave; and there is no freedom in anything until there is freedom in all things. There can be no solitary or independent freedoms. The law of industrial liberty is like the law of political and religious liberty, that as all power flows from the people, all wealth flows from the people, and must be governed by them for them.

Every argument against a king is an argument against captains of industry. Millionaires are kings the people have not yet found out. If the people have a right to put saddle and bridle on one, they can do so to the other. If the people have a right to abolish the one, they have a right to abolish the other. No monarch dare peep to-day of "divine right." Only the great capitalists dare do that. The price that we in America

pay for being politically free is that no one, however strong, or shrewd, or good, shall be duke or king. The price we must pay for industrial freedom is that no one shall be industrial pope or czar. Political democracy must be backed up by industrial democracy, or all democracy becomes impossible. Two things are to be seen in this world to-day which are unbearable—the wealth of the world and the property of the world. Every virtue, says Aristotle, is a mean between two extremes both of which are vices. The right, the virtuous social condition of the future will assuredly know neither this wealth nor this poverty, but will be a mean between them. The régime of the new liberty will be one in which all will be rich, just as political liberty makes all free—there will be only one millionaire—the people. The new liberty is toiling up the mountain. It will reach the summit. It will wake the revolutions from their sleep by the roadside and make them live forever. Then, THE Revolution; for after all there is but one Revolution, of which Christianity, the Reformation, the French and American revolutions, are but parts, will be carried one step farther on its road of Progress.

We are in a crisis which makes Mazzini's views on non-intervention extremely interesting. America has undertaken to mind its neighbor's business. It has done for the Cubans what England, Russia, and other Christian nations refused to do for the Armenians, the Cretans, the Hungarians, the Greeks. If Mazzini is, as Clarke says, "the prophet of the modern world," what does this prophet say to us? He declares that England acted upon "an irreligious and negative principle" when in 1831 she proclaimed the duty of non-intervention as the basis of European international relations. "We are all bound," he says, "to intervene for good. We ought not to be able to intervene for evil." In the address, which he wrote, of the "Council of the People's International League" in 1847, he prints in capital letters this sentence attributable to England: "We are a nation, and nothing that concerns other nations do we deem foreign to us." In the same paper he says: "As no man will reach heaven who seeks to reach it alone, so no nation will ever develop the highest and most enduring forms of national life while it is contented to remain the passive and uninterested spectator of the

onward and upward struggles of kindred peoples." In this paper the argument is limited to European unity. But in his article on "Europe and its Condition and Prospects," written in 1852, after the remarkable manifestations of American public opinion in regard to Kossuth and Hungary, Mazzini bid welcome to the idea of American intervention in Europe by force if need be. He describes America as saying to Great Britain:

> Evil is being done daily in Europe. We will not tolerate its triumph. We will no longer give Cain's answer to God, who has made us free. We will not allow foreign armies to suppress the aspirations we hold sacred. Let every people be free to live its own life. To maintain this liberty we are ready to intervene, by word of mouth; if need be, by the sword.

This cry, he says, comes from America to England. "Let her accept it," he cries, "and rebaptize her alliance with America by a policy worthy of both." This is the Mazzini doctrine against the Monroe doctrine.

He said another thing which bears so practically on some of the problems now facing us that it must be quoted:

It is not true that a republic cannot be founded without the concurrence of all the severest republican virtues. This idea is an error of ancient date which has contributed to falsify the theory of government in nearly all minds. Political institutions ought to represent the educating element of the state, and republics are founded precisely in order that those republican virtues which monarchy *can not* produce may germinate in the hearts of the citizens."

And Emerson says something which links itself to this as a guide for us to-day: "Justice satisfies all men—red, white, black, and yellow."

Mazzini when a little fellow would never let a beggar be sent away from the house empty-handed. His mother tells that the sight of poverty and suffering used to draw from him sudden and impetuous caresses for outcasts from whom others turned with indifference or disgust. He threw his arms about the neck of a white-bearded beggar sitting on the steps of a church. "Love him well, lady," said the old man to his mother. "He is one who will love the people." At college he gave himself to those of his fellows who were oppressed either by student or professor or by their own poverty. He gave away his books, his money; he constantly shared his clothes with needy students. Many years later, when

driven from every country on the Continent, he took refuge in London. He was almost nakedly poor, but shared all he had with three other exiles who went with him. His mother, who, unknown to his alienated father, sent him all she could spare, supplied him only with the coarsest clothes, because if a fine suit came it was immediately sold to purchase cheap clothing for all alike. He pledged, without the possibility of redeeming them, the few souvenirs he had of his mother or other dear ones, then things of less value, until one Saturday he found himself obliged to carry an old coat and a pair of boots to one of the pawnbrokers' shops, crowded on Saturday evening by the poor and fallen, in order to obtain food for himself and his comrades for Sunday.

It was a logical consequence of my opinions and belief [says Mazzini], that I should endeavor to work not only for the people but with the people. By conversing occasionally with some of the lads who wander about the streets of the vast city of London playing upon the organ, I learned with profound grief and astonishment the history and method of a traffic carried on by a few speculators only to be qualified as a species of white slave-trade; a disgrace

to Italy, to its government, and to its clergy, who might, had they chosen to do so, have prevented it. The poor lads thus brought to England are treated by their masters like slaves. I founded an association for their protection, and a gratuitous school. On several occasions I brought those of the masters who had been guilty of violence to justice in the English courts, and when they found they were watched, they gradually became less cruel and arbitrary in their conduct.

This school was kept open, Mazzini personally supplying the greater part of the funds and sharing in the labor of teaching the scholars, from 1841 to 1848.

One of those evenings was equal, in moral influence and effect, to a whole year of mere instruction. Those unfortunate lads whom their masters treated like slaves learned to feel that they were men, our equals, living souls. We formed an association of workingmen, and published a journal called the *Popular Apostolate*, bearing as a motto these words: "Work and its Proportionate Recompense!"

When still a child, Mazzini put on mourning for his enslaved country, and wore it till his death. When he was sixteen years old, two revolutionists, Garetti and Laneri, were executed in Genoa by the government. The

blow that extinguished revolution in them woke it to life in Mazzini. From that hour, with every breath, he planned how he might achieve the independence of his beloved country. For every drop of blood forced out of the hearts of Garetti and Laneri, Mazzini sent back against the tyrants of Rome and Naples and Venice a bayonet pointed with an idea. The Austrians found at Genoa, as the British at Lexington, that to spread freedom you need but scatter its blood to the winds. It is the guaranty of the life of humanity that mankind have never been afraid of death.

Mazzini's parents destined him for the law, and looked forward to a distinguished career for their son. But the great heart was crowded by its growth into a higher and broader court, to plead the cause of the man who is called the Million. He had a passion for literary work; and he had from the gods the gift of putting immortal wings on words. His first great sacrifice was renouncing the literary career. "A thousand visions of historical dramas and romances floated before my mental eye," he says, "artistic images that caressed my spirit as visions of gentle maidens soothe the soul of the lonely-hearted."

But the degradation of dismembered and enslaved Italy called for deliverance, and so true was his artistic sense that he knew the first literary task before the literary men of Italy was to make a country for themselves, and to make it free. The art problem—the problem of culture, the literary problem of his day—it is not different to-day—was: Are we to have Liberty? To that problem he resolved to consecrate himself. "If we are successful," he says, "the art of Italy will bloom and flourish over our graves."

Only action could satisfy the intense realism of Mazzini's idealism. He joined the Carbonari, a conspiracy of an old-fashioned sort of midnight initiations, of mysteries, ordeals, ceremonies and symbolical rites. All this antiquated ridiculousness he felt keenly, but it was sanctified to him by the aims of the society, the liberation of the Italian from the rule of the Austrians, and by the reality of the devotion which, defying alike excommunication and capital punishment, had the persistent energy ever to persevere and to weave a fresh web every time the old one was broken.

Mazzini was soon arrested. "Your son," said the police to his father, "is a young man

of talent, very fond of solitary walks by night, and habitually silent as to the subjects of his meditations. The police are not fond of young men of talent the subject of whose musings is unknown to them." When liberated, he went to Marseilles, and issued the manifesto of a new association, "Young Italy"; the idea of which he had conceived during his imprisonment. The wise tyrants put Mazzini into a private cell "for thinking unknown thoughts," to give him plenty of time to think more, and think clear through to the end the faith of freedom and a plan of campaign. Having given him this precious time of meditation with sea and sky, and solitude, thoughts of God and the people for teachers, the tyrant graduated the prophet by sending him away from home, family, all chances of fortune, all solicitations of success, into exile where every memory and every hope called him to the work of revolution.

The motto of "Young Italy" was "God and the People!" which expressed its religious, social, political, and individual faith. "Never before had a political association endeavored to comprise all the various manifestations of national life in one sole religious principle—

the unity of God and man—and to govern by one sole aim: the emancipation in all ways of the people and the brotherhood of all nations." "It was as a political party we fell," wrote Mazzini; "it is as a religious party that we must rise again." He did not seek great numbers, nor great names. He had no faith in the privileged classes. He appealed to the people. He sought no compromise of principles, either in the state, or church, or industry.

His words of a new faith, of a new action, of work and worship, rang through Italy like a trumpet call. They were the words of a poor unknown, solitary, homeless youth, in a strange land, in hiding in the back streets of Marseilles. They were printed on a clandestine press. They had to be smuggled into Italy in packages of goods, barrels of pitch and pumice-stone. But in two years "Young Italy" had overspread the country with a powerful organization. Workingmen, professors, noblemen, merchants, soldiers—all classes, all tribes, all occupations, all ages, especially the young—enrolled themselves. Lafayette sent words of encouragement, and cheering messages came from lovers of liberty all over Europe.

Metternich's sharp ears understood what the new noise meant, murmuring from house to house. "I must have two complete copies," he said, "of *Young Italy* and two of the *Guerrilla Warfare.*" In two years Mazzini had the seven governments of Italy mad with fear and the people in insurrection in a dozen cities. Lulls when it seemed as if the commotion and ferment of the common people had been put down by treachery, ambuscade, proscriptions, imprisonment, tortures, and wholesale murders, by the governments, were but interludes. Words of a new faith had been spoken which could be burned out only in victory.

For forty years the uprisings of the new believers went on until the seven parts of Italy had become United Italy, and the armies of United Italy had marched into Rome and the capital of the Cæsars became the capital of the new nation.

The statesmen of Europe knew whence flowed this hot lava of insurrection. The Council of Vienna declared it to be the result of Mazzini's seventeen years' apostolate. In their memorial to Lord Palmerston, they attributed the revolutions of Milan, Venice,

and the universal cry "Death to the Austrians!" to the spirit of Italian nationality, so long buried but resuscitated by the efforts of the association, "Young Italy." Mazzini in 1831 and 1832 had appealed to the people, and the people never forgot the call to life—never forgot the gospel of God and the people he gave them. Obeying Mazzini, they would have made Italy a Republic as well as a nation but for perfidy within and conspiracy without. "The factions," said Metternich, "seek to merge the states of Italy into one political body. They are marching straight to a republic." The trickery, the treachery, the butcheries, with which the Italians were robbed of their Republic by the conspiracies of the House of Savoy, with the traitors within and tyrants without, is a chapter of cruelty and duplicity to be matched only by the conspiracy of the kings of Europe and the renegade aristocracy of France to crush the French Revolution.

Mazzini, though he risked his life, returned to Italy at the time of the war with Austria to warn his countrymen of this conspiracy, and that the war was a mock war, a feint to turn

their eyes from the Republic of Italy. King Charles Albert offered him the position of prime minister and other splendid royal favors if he would but cease raising the hue and cry among the people. Mazzini's life has no nobler, more dramatic, more representative, moment. He was an exile; he was under sentence of death by the very King who was negotiating with him; he was in hiding and disguise, when he received this temptation in the desert.

In 1848 the Roman people, uncorrupted by centuries of priestly and kingly rule, rose against the Pope, who fled disguised as the footman of the Countess of Spaur. Mazzini, abandoning the safety of his refuge in London and disdaining the decree of death under which his name had been put by every government of Italy, went at once to Rome. He drew up the constitution of the Roman Republic, one of the most glorious charters of human liberty, and was elected First Triumvir. When Louis Napoleon turned the bayonets of the French Republic against the Italian Republic, Mazzini would have fought to the death had he not been overruled. "Repub-

lics," he cried "founded upon faith and duty neither yield nor capitulate, but die protesting." He had been elected triumvir to defend Rome, not destroy it. He refused to take part in the surrender. He resigned his office. An old and broken man, he wandered about the streets, willing that the French or the priests should take him if they would. He had seen his friends perish. He saw the graves of Rome's bravest trampled by the foot of the conqueror. Margaret Fuller describes him as she saw him at this time:

> He had passed all these nights without sleep; in two short months he had grown old; all the vital juices seemed exhausted, his eyes were all bloodshot, his skin orange, flesh he had none, his hair was mixed with white, his hand was painful to the touch; but he had never flinched, never quailed; had protested in the last hour against surrender, sweet and calm, full of a more fiery purpose than ever. In him I revered the hero.

The dauntless patriot who might have been prime minister returned to London and to the life he led—"for twenty years out of thirty a life of voluntary imprisonment in the

four walls of one little room." But he was no longer friendless. He had won his way to the hearts of some of the best men and women of England, and the agony of his expatriation was softened by their love and by the general recognition of him as one of the ablest men of his time. He re-entered upon his campaigns of education and insurrection, and resurrection. Often he would steal out with "cat-like foot-fall" for midnight journeys across the Channel and into the lands of monarchical shadow, where death lay waiting for him, on mysterious errands of righteous conspiracy.

The Sicilians sent him word in 1870 that they were going to rise and proclaim the Sicilian Republic. The old hero set out from London to persuade them to proclaim instead the Italian Republic, and to die for it, if need be, with them. The government caught him; but by this time so great had Mazzini grown in the hearts of his people and the world, that they did not dare to keep him and sent him back to England. Faithful to the end to his creed of work and worship, to the resolve of his childhood that Italy should be free, he went back to the frontier of Italy to edit, at Lugano, a republican journal, *Rome of the*

People. He raised again the banner of forty years before, and consecrated the remainder of his fragile and suffering life to the apostolate of "that republicanism which is the affirmation of God's love and is, therefore, invincible." A year of ceaseless and exhausting labor on *Rome of the People* was sustained only by a miracle of will in defiance of incessant illness and intense pain. This was all his bruised body could endure; and speaking a loving word of Italy at the last moment, as he had worked for her to the last, he lay down his life at Pisa, March 10, 1872.

An American woman, who was brought up as a child on the minus income of an abolitionist agitator but who as a wife is helping to spend some of the millions of a great trust, said lately: "I wish I could bring up my children, as I have been brought up, under the influence of a great moral agitation. But there is no cause to fight for now—no crusade to lead." Well, as there is no cause to work for, no need for action as there was in Mazzini's day and Wendell Phillips's; since all the slaves are free, and civilization satisfies every *genteel* aspiration, let us go to the Coliseum to watch the games.

Here is *our* Coliseum. The world sits rank above rank in great spiral curves. The Christian martyrs who used to be in the arena have inherited the earth and now sit in the boxes. They lean over the balustrades, hung, as of old, for the pagans, with tapestries and gorgeous stuffs of the East, and watch the games. Man used to be matched against man or against beast, tigers from India, lions from the desert. But our masters of the sport do not send to the desert. They loose into the ring the progeny of civilization—monsters of steel and steam—and turn them ravening against the poor. Jewelled hands flash applause from tier on tier of the carved-stone seats as they watch the set-to—our unarmed, ill-fed, and ill-clad "Hands" against these buffeting beams and wheels, and flashing blades. A royal show of breath and steam, sweat and steel, smoke and blood. There is not much blood. We are not as rude as the Roman about that. We give a great deal more pain and see no blood. Hunger and cold, and heart-break, are not so mussy as the Roman sword. Here comes the best sport of all. There was nothing so good as this in the heathen Coliseum. There come the chil-

dren. See them troop out of the cellars under our Coliseum, where the tigers used to be kept. How little some of them are! Now they go into the arena. How they fight! It is beautiful. But now we have the cream of all. There is the signal. Out of the caves on one side come the children; out of the caves on the other side come the fathers; yes, to-day they have turned in even the mothers! That is the word of battle! Look at the children fly at their fathers! The fathers at the children! The pagan Romans used to have their fighting done by slaves, but all these fighters are FREE! That is the spirit of our age. In fact, all our fighters pay to come in. It is *their* money keeps the Coliseum going. It costs US nothing. There are millions outside the gates now trampling over each other for the chance to come in and live in the caves and fight in the arena.

Sometimes in Rome, a lord or lady, moved to mercy, would hold up their thumbs, signal to some brave gladiator that the brother's life he held at the point of his sword might be spared. Do we never turn up our thumbs, do you ask?

No! In this Coliseum we let them fight it

out, so that the fittest may survive. To-morrow morning, when the whistle blows in factory or in mine, the battle of child with father, of father with child, will begin; and as the sun moves across the land, he wakes the little fighters sleeping the sleep of exhaustion in the arms of those with whom they fought but yesterday. His rays will call: "Up! up!—UP! and fight again! The hours of sleep and love are over!"

The floors of this Coliseum of ours are as wide as Christendom!

II

A DAY WITH WILLIAM MORRIS[1]

IT was my good fortune to meet William Morris in London a dozen years ago, when he was at the flood-tide of his activities as artist and artisan; poet and designer; employer and workman; printer as well as writer of books; dreamer of dreams and business man; agitator and capitalist. The well-known portrait by Watts is, of course, very fine; but no drawing could give much of an idea of this personality, as restless as the sea and as free from nervousness. Even his repose was creative, with the devotion which made Morris so picturesque a force in the world of art and affairs. He was a storm and sunshine man, his hair flying as though with the gusty inspirations of the Sagas in which he delighted. He was one of the Norse gods; was of the Viking breed. From his sailor-like looks, he

[1] Delivered before Chicago Literary Club, Dec. 7, 1896.

was often taken by strangers for a sea-captain ashore; and this always pleased him. This effect was heightened by his dress—loose, flowing, unconventional, with its shirt of silk or wool and soft hat. He is reputed to have once had a high hat. He accidentally sat on it, to his great joy; and ever since gave himself to sitting as hard as he could on all the silk hats of conservatism within reach.

When he spoke in public, it was less with the manners of the orator than as if he were talking from the quarter-deck to the waves, in the hope that there would soon be more waves. To estimate his value as it will appear to a later judgment is something not possible to us. But we can feel sure we have witnessed the departure of one of the most characteristic individualities of our period—impersonating at once its luxuries and its reforms, the disquiet of conscience and of self-interest which makes us sigh for the calm of the Middle Ages and plan Utopias for the future; and, perhaps most interesting of all, the inconsistency of an age which, devoted to business as none ever was before, is preaching against the theory and practice of business as they have never previously been anathematized—not

even in the writings of the early Christian fathers, who were pretty clever at that sort of thing.

Though he called himself "a dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time," Morris was a very shrewd, practical man. He was, like Ruskin, the son of a successful business man; and, again like Ruskin, he showed himself capable of levying financial tribute on his generation and exacting a full consideration, in money, for the exchangeable values he added to the general store. But, again like Ruskin, his whole life was one of an apostolate for the art of arts—an idealization of man. Rather remarkable may seem to a later day the economic appreciation which we have given men like Ruskin, Morris, Wagner, Millet—every one of them protestants against the dominant note of our social life. We pride ourselves particularly on the accuracy with which we gauge things by their money value—a fact of our civilization totally misunderstood when it is interpreted to mean that we are only sordid. It would be easy to show—though this is not the time to do it—that some of the finest spiritual developments of our modern life, to say nothing of more

material achievements, have been made possible only by the system which measures relations and destinies by their money values. Ruskin, who inherited a fortune, made a fortune by his pen; and he shook himself clear of the subjection of authors to the publisher. He was his own publisher; and his income, I was told in London, was greater than that of any other living author. Morris was for thirty-three years, and up to the time of his death, an active and successful merchant and manufacturer. He had extensive works in Surrey, a fine shop in London, a branch in New York—connections, most profitable, with every capital of the world's taste. Those who wanted to be in the swim of the æsthetic had to buy his tapestries, rugs, flowered silks and linens, stained-glass windows, brocades, easy-chairs, wall-papers, black-letter books, and to pay his price, if they could afford it. "There are no greater fools," he used to say, "than the rich men who buy my wall-papers—except those who don't." Millet did not get the money his pictures made, but his *Angelus* represents the highest quotation yet made for pictures as merchandise. And Wagner—he, too, did not get the money; but no music has

been answered by the jingling of more guineas and dollars and marks and francs than those his notes have sent pouring into the pockets of impressarios, and prima donnas, and high tenors. Wagner, the revolutionist, arrested and exiled in 1848, if he had never written a note of the divine harmonies which were meant to displace a great deal more than the old music, would have deserved recognition as a thinker on social problems. He tells us it is only in the people that we can look for the artists of the future. He wrote in tone-language the myths of the Nibelung, as we know from him, with the hope that through allegory and illusion—the paths by which the people most easily reach moral truth—he might awake us to ecstasies of repentance and amendment, and enlist us in the war which "real human nature," in his words, "is waging against its cruel oppressor, modern civilization." Wagner accused us "intelligent egotists of fine culture of distilling (our) sweet perfumes out of the people whom (we) thereby converted into the ill-smelling refuse of society"; and he wrote with words like the cries of the Walkyrie, against the "cruelly inhuman forms of the right private property

assumes in our haggling world of machine factories," with its "childhood driven to health-destroying and excessive toil," and "workingmen allowed to be men only to the extent which capital permits, constant labor killing both body and soul, without joy or love, often almost without aim." Millet expressed with the brush the same sympathy with the people. He sought to glorify the common lot of humanity and to bring together the hearts so far disparted by the extremes of want and wealth. Shrewd contemporaries saw well what he was doing and attacked him fiercely as an enemy of the established order and a socialist. But there was upon him that compeller of performance—a spirit that must express itself. "The secret of a great style," says Lowell "is to have something to say that will not stay unsaid." Emerson said his brain must yield its burden of thought or die. "Beauty," said Millet himself, "does not so much consist in the things represented as in the need one has of expressing them." Upon Millet was the need of getting the world to recognize, with him, the presence which he saw brooding over the peasant men and women in the fields and the vineyards and to see in

the humanity which was toiling over the tasks of the common life an incarnation of the creative power. The message of the aspirations of labor and the brotherhood into which labor must weld all men which Millet brought, is identical in its social significance with that which Wagner thundered with his pen and his baton. The prices that our day is paying to get Ruskin's books, and to look at Millet's peasants, and to hear Wagner, are the financial index of the response which these new masters are awakening. It is to hear Wagner say in tone-language—which is, he tells us, the beginning and end of all language—that the world gathers on the Wagner nights in the opera-houses from St. Petersburg to San Francisco and drinks in, as he intended they should, without knowing it, new social ideals from his melodies and the symbolism of his harmonies, scenery, story, and every enchanted circumstance his genius invokes. In an age which is pre-eminently the buying and selling age—the age of Carlyle's "cash nexus" —the highest place has been won, the most money has been made by the artists Wagner, Ruskin, Millet, who are most at variance with the professed principles of the age. This is

true of the art world in its three greatest divisions—literary expression, music, and painting.

Money talks, we are told. What has this money triumph of these seditions in the very citadels of our luxury and culture to tell to so shrewd a generation as ours? Morris was of this sedition, and he shared its worldly and artistic victories. In the family circle of ideas, Morris was the son of Ruskin and the grandson of Carlyle. Ruskin always dutifully avows his debt to Carlyle—his "Master," he calls him; and the influence of Ruskin is imprinted on every word that Morris spoke and on everything he did. Carlyle called, Ruskin answered, Morris did. The felicities of teaching and being taught in the heat of a new hope and a new thought were seen in the days when Ruskin at Oxford taught a little band of disciples, among them Burne-Jones, Rossetti, Morris, the principles of art as life, and filled them so full of enthusiasm for the creative dignity which makes labor and art one, that they had to vent their angelic energy by going out to mend the highways around Oxford; and they have kept at work remaking the highways of modern thought ever since.

Ruskin saw that it was true in art as in democracy that its highest and fullest expression could be got only by the participation of all the people. Every one knows more than any one. Art, like government, to be at its best, must be art of all the people, by all the people, for all the people. Art is nature creating itself; labor is nature creating itself. True art and true labor are, therefore, one. We can have an ideal art only by having an ideal industry. Ruskin divined this, and betook himself to writing treatises about production, distribution, and expenditure, much to the amazement of the polite world, which has never understood him. It was this intellectual and moral as well as social necessity of the situation that drove Ruskin, the art writer, into political economy, where his genius and the fact that he took the scientific ground that man is a moral animal and not merely a "cash register," as Ricardo and Wayland would make him, have made him one of the greatest—perhaps the future will decide the greatest—economist of the century. The ideal industry that Ruskin preached, Morris sought to practise. Morris's unusual combination of the poetical and the practical was just what was needed

in the sequence after Carlyle and Ruskin. He did not lay aside the poetic career which he began so brilliantly with the *Defence of Guinevere*, and which would have given him the poet-laureateship had he been of the stuff that could write hymns to land-pirates like Cecil Rhodes and Dr. Jameson; but the energies within demanded other channels of outlet. The same consistency that sent Ruskin's disciples at Oxford out to mend the roads led Morris to add to the rôle of singer to his fellows, which he never gave up, that also of the maker for them of beautiful things which should be beautiful for those who enjoyed them, and also, quite as imperatively, for those who made them. Out of the ruins of Merton Abbey, which he repaired, but which he would have died rather than "restore" as the vandals of this century have restored Oxford and Rouen, he made a factory for his craftsmen and craftswomen, like no other factory in Europe or America. At a distance it showed only as a grove of wide-spreading shade. It was turfy, leafy, cool, sweet, mediæval. A little lake near by weaves the shadows of the walls and the overhanging trees into tapestries to delight the

eyes that looked up from the tapestries on the looms within. The wages paid were the highest. The eight-hour day was a matter of course. No one could do artistic work or good work, it was a fundamental principle with Morris, who had not a full share of leisure. All were encouraged to keep up their trades-unions. The men and women—there were no "hands"—went about their tasks with the strength got of happy companionship with each other, their work and their employer. An appreciative visitor from Chicago, Professor Charles Zeublin, says:

> The two places of honor were held by the patriarchs of the art, a gray-haired man who was carrying through his loom the daintiest silk brocade in white and green and gold, and who stopped with the pleasure of the artist to turn it over that we might see the beautiful imagery of the light side; while over by a quiet window sat an old, old lady gently casting her shuttle threaded with pale-blue silk, and who smiled when we wondered what fair maiden might possibly be gowned in it."

Morris was especially gratified when any of the people in his employ developed individuality in their work, and pointed with delight to a piece of handsome design done by one who

only a few months before had been an uninstructed village boy. "Raise that boy's wages at the end of the week," he said to his foreman. "It was his noble ambition," says the *London Daily News*, which had no sympathy whatever with his wider philosophy, "to make the life of each of his workers a poem and a song of praise. It was his glory to have succeeded in it. There has been nothing like it in our industrial annals." His return to handicraftmanship, as he explained it, was not reactionary any more than his enthusiasm for the Middle Ages. We are now finding out that the Middle Ages were not dark ages, as the partisans of classical culture as the only culture have insisted. The Middle Ages besides other vast achievements created the guild system—a point of happy industrial equilibrium—one of the few historic calms in the progress of our race,

> "A moment's halt—a momentary taste
> Of Being from the Well amid the Waste."

The repose, strength, and independence this gave the workers of the Middle Ages are revealed in every stroke and line of their carvings, hammerings, weavings, and fabrics

up to the cathedrals. Morris caught eagerly at every one of these facts to give us the hope to do, not likewise, but better. Morris believed in machines for machine work, but *men* must do art work. His reasons were not only social but artistic. It was only, he held, by the direct contact of the mind of the workman with his object through the medium of the hand—the best machine in nature—that first-class production could be attained. Our manual training schools trace their lineage through these ideas and works of Ruskin and Morris; and the manual training school, even from the literary and intellectual point of view, is the most important forward movement in modern education.

The same honest practicalness that made Morris seek to embody in an ideal industry the principles he accepted from Ruskin of ideal art pushed him on into his socialistic agitation. He had too much sense to suppose that the frills of alleviation he stitched around the lives of his working people were anything more than a personal manifestation of his own economic amiability. Nor did he believe that they in any way relieved him of the duty of making as real a contribution as he

could to an organized solution of the problem of the art of the world; *i.e.*, to recreate the common life so that it can recreate art. To make beautiful things in ways beautiful for his men and women was what might be called only his home life as a reformer. Beyond this lay the duties of the missionary who should plant in the public mind the seeds planted in him by Carlyle and Ruskin and energize the people into doing for all what he was doing for a few. Morris used to say, with zest, that he owed his conversion to his crusade *against* the competitive system to John Stuart Mill's argument *for* it. In Mill's well-known comparison of competition with communism, Mill, he insisted, clearly gave the verdict for competition against the evidence.

Joining the Social Democratic Federation, Morris threw himself into the work of agitation with all his characteristic thoroughness. Though at this time one of the leaders in the European world of art and letters, he modestly took his place as a soldier in the ranks. He claimed no privilege or consideration that was not common to all his associates. The Executive Committee was mostly of plain and

unlettered men, but what it ordered him to do, he did. One day he would be detailed to sell the society's little revolutionary paper on the Strand, and there he would be found at the appointed hour peddling the sheet and jostled by the crowd like any costermonger or Salvation Army lass. When he was told to go to some public place like Waltham Green opposite the railway station, on Sunday morning, and speak, there he would appear to shake his leonine locks and to tell the people of the means by which to regain their birthright. When the police authorities of London undertook to deny the right of public discussion in public places, Morris led the "forlorn hopes" to speak in defiance of the prohibition. At one of these meetings—the Dod Street affair—there was a good deal of heckling of the police, and one of them had his helmet pushed down over his eyes. Recovering his hat and losing his temper, he snatched at the nearest man, and this man happened to be William Morris, whom the policeman took in on a charge of assault. When Morris told who he was, his indignant denial of the charge needed no confirmation. The policeman collapsed, says George Bernard Shaw, the magistrate climbed

down, "and on the only subsequent occasion when Morris appeared in court as a prisoner for speaking again in defiance of an attempt to put down open-air meetings, the counsel for the Crown, appalled by the eminence of the prisoner, appealed to him to overlook the formality of a shilling fine and loaded him with compliments." "Morris," says Shaw, "spent the afternoon of that day sitting in his garden reading one of his favorite novels by Dumas *père* in order to wash off the police court atmosphere by a bath of sunlight."

It was at this period of probably the highest intellectual and moral temperatures of his life that I had the pleasure to meet him and hear him. Those were the troublous times of the unemployed agitation, Trafalgar Square meetings, and bread riots. Morris's friend Pennell, the artist, gives this picture of Morris's appearance in those days. A meeting in which Morris was taking part was being held in Parliament Square. The people holding it made up their minds to march to Westminster Abbey.

Suddenly an enormous crowd began to pour out of the Square down Parliament Street—a black, muddy, solid mass, for it was a wet wintry day. On they

came with irresistible, frightening force. And right in front was William Morris, among the red flags, singing with all his might the *Marseillaise*. He had the face of a crusader, and he marched with that big stick of his as the crusaders must have marched. When the crowd got to the Abbey, it seemed half inclined to smash the windows; but those at the head of it were switched off and passed into the Poets' Corner, there to sit down and be preached to while the others who could not get in were addressed by Canon Rawlinson. However, had this crowd determined to tear down even a stone of the Abbey, or to break a window, they would have done so only over Morris's body. I am not so sure what would have happened had the crowd marched against St. Paul's, for Morris hated one as much as he loved the other.

There can be no doubt that Morris was at this time persuaded by the responsiveness of the masses that they were as ready to defend their rights as he to help them. But the disillusion came, and his common sense knew it when it came. George Bernard Shaw tells the story:

He persevered [says Shaw], until 1887, when marching in one of the processions to Trafalgar Square on the famous "Bloody Sunday" he saw the serried columns of the procession, thousands strong, "marching to assert the right of public meeting," "break up" and fly in a ludicrous rout before the onslaught of a

couple of dozen white-faced scared policemen. Before the start from Clerkenwell Green he had addressed the crowd and exhorted them to march together steadily and quietly and not to let themselves be turned from their purpose. . . . He saw the rout at its most striking moment. There can be no doubt that the spectacle had a great effect on him. If the men who had had the presumption to call themselves his "comrades" and "brothers" had been in earnest about cleaning and beautifying human society, he would have been justified in believing that there was a great revolutionary force beginning to move. Trafalgar Square cured him and many others of that illusion; and from then onward he began to extricate himself from an impossible position as best he could.

It was not as a brawler, nor to rebuild society by pulling it down in the follies of a physical-force revolution, that Morris headed these processions and plunged into these Bloody Sundays. He believed in no other revolution than that which was to come as the natural fruitage of the upward growth of mankind. But when a stupid police attempted to take away the immemorial rights of the people to meet and speak in their public places, Morris felt it to be his duty to throw his person as well as his influence into the demonstration of the protestants. When

Queen Caroline asked Walpole what it would cost to shut the gates of one of the royal parks to the people, that wise and witty minister replied: "Only three crowns, your Highness." That sturdiness of temper of the English, Morris believed still to characterize them. He endured agonies of discomfort in these clashing days—he was, he told his friends, nothing but a "funkster"—but he went through with the ordeal, although to the author of *Love is Enough*, and to the artist bubbling over with conceptions of beauty, every moment was one of torture. But when he found, on the fateful day just spoken of, that it was not the people who were behind him, but only a crowd of triflers, he instantly and decisively changed his course, and from that time onward worked only within the lines that his own character suggested. But his martyrdom—such it was—had its effect. The government confessed that the act of the police in forbidding the Trafalgar Square and other meetings had been unwarranted by abandoning altogether in the prosecutions which followed the legal ground on which the police proclamations had been based; and ever since those days, the people

have been allowed to meet and march as before.

We cannot at this moment, when the confusion of the times and the charm of his personality are still upon us, appraise Morris either as artist or poet or reformer. There are not many poets who have spoken for two distinct social states as Morris has done. He began like Rossetti as a poet of the calm after the storm of the European movement which had opened with Rousseau and closed with Byron. He ended as the poet of another storm—not yet closed. As a reformer, too, he played two rôles. At home he organized his workingmen to serve the luxury of the world, but organized them ideally. Abroad, he organized the people to put an end to luxury, although it was by luxury that he flourished. It was his policy, he said, to get as much as he could out of the existing order to re-make it with. He was a capitalist and the son of a capitalist; and he did not pretend not to be. In addressing the workingmen, if he had to speak of himself, he would say: "We capitalists." In a company of artists, he would call himself a craftsman. It may be that the future will interest itself in him

only as a capitalist. Perhaps the memory of all the other capitalists will be washed out in the oblivion of time, and the twenty-fifth century Mommsen will dwell with admiration on Merton Abbey and its celestial capitalist as the typical pictures of the golden age of the competitive system of the nineteenth century.

But though we cannot venture to estimate Morris, one who has written his deeds and his thoughts on so open a page can at least be comprehended. Beauty was the motif of Morris's life utterance. So versatile was his genius that it sought expression in every fabric sensitive to a creative touch, and so tender that he wanted all men to taste the happiness of having their work made art work. Among his contemporaries Ruskin wrote, Rossetti and Tennyson sang, Burne-Jones painted. Morris did all these and more. Whether in refusing to pay what Emerson and Goethe declare to be the price of all high performance —concentration, renunciation— Morris must remain, in his own musical words, "the idle singer of an empty day," let us not judge ourselves by trying to judge. Morris's passion for the happiness of others would be undervalued if it were conceived to be only the

outpouring of the sentiment of the poet and the affection of an English Abou Ben Adhem. It was these, but it was also the grasp of a scientific truth. In the spirit of what Ruskin has so well said: "Life without industry is guilt, and industry without art is brutality," Morris believed that we could realize our destiny of social progress only by setting all to work—rich and poor alike—and by seeing to it that the work should be only such work as was worth doing and as could be done under circumstances healthful and hopeful. He held that we must all be workers, and these workers must all be their own masters, if not in the old individual sense, then in the social sense of the higher individualism, in which all citizens in free countries are their own masters. They must have free access to the instruments of labor; must have leisure, education; above all, freedom. In a society where the right of art effort—that is, happy work—is denied to a vast majority of the people, "no peace," Morris vehemently declared, "is possible to an honest man," or a true artist.

Morris believed, with Wagner, that the ugliness of the world was caused by the sufferings of the world, and that if we are to make

it a sweeter place for ourselves to live in, we can do so only by making it such for all. Like a practical man, as he showed himself at every stage of his career to be, Morris gave his own self to making good this doctrine; and also, like a practical man, he applied his energies at the point of greatest need—"the lower class brutalized," in Matthew Arnold's well-known words. The work of liberation that took Byron to Greece, and Lafayette to America, Morris saw could be found at home in London. Morris was one of the most distinguished of the many distinguished men who came forward at the time of the strike of the coal miners in 1893 to establish the principle of the "Living Wage"—and there were among them members of the nobility and of Parliament, and even wealthy shareholders of the coal companies. In a letter which he wrote in the London *Daily Chronicle* to explain why he sided with the men, Morris said: "The first step towards the new birth of art must be a definite rise in the condition of the workers." With the same idea, Edward Carpenter points out that the only art in which our time has made great advance is music—where the artist comes least in con-

tact with the injustice and poverty of the general life. Morris was a visionary of justice because he was a visionary of beauty. His face shows us the enthusiast of beauty—beauty in all things and for all men. He was a man of many manifestations and of one idea; and this idea incarnated itself in craftsmanship, in art, in poetry, in his personal relations with his workmen, and in his social agitations. To him art must be life, and life must be art. The same genius which poured itself forth in his

> "murmuring rhymes
> Beating their wings against the ivory gate
> Telling a tale not too importunate
> To those who in the sleepy region stay,"

or filled church aisles with light from windows telling the sacred stories in the colors of the dawn and the rainbow; or embroidered the legends of King Arthur's court on tapestries that more than recalled the triumphs of old Arras; or wove the flight of birds and the graces of flowers and sunshine into the traceries of silk and linen and paper,—this same genius essayed as the supreme delight of the

artist, to mould and weave, and color and print the life of man with beauty. The old art was sad with slavery, wet and stained with its tears; our art is bitter and shortened by the poverty of idle men and busy children. Morris by words and deeds delivered the message of an enfranchised art. He taught and practised that labor, the exercise of power and the discharge of function, is the simplest and most indispensable luxury of life; that all men have a right to this luxury, in themselves and in all others; that labor is creation, and that creation is art. Art reaches fuller growth only as it becomes more the art of the whole people; and as all become free and competent to contribute to it, at least by their applause—a very important part of his work. It is a fact of human nature that no adversity, no weakness can altogether silence the art voice of mankind. Out of the catacombs, or in the utensils of the ancient cliff-dweller or the modern Mexican peasant or African savage, the creative effort wells forth. If we are again to have Parthenons and Cathedrals of Milan and Rheims, and marbles of Naxos and Milo, and songs of the Nibelung, we must have another age of social gaiety, and

security and happiness, but this time not for a few—for all. If we want beauty, we must give justice. Here is the clue to the ardor with which the great creators—Wordsworth, Byron, Mazzini, Wagner, Millet, Ruskin, Carlyle, Hugo,—have hungered and thirsted for a fuller justice for all the people. The life of these men, and of disciples like Morris, has been one long mission to preach this truth; that only as the people want justice for others can they have beauty for themselves.

Of the great men of yesterday there were none whose names were more beloved than those of Ruskin and Morris. There was grief in thousands of the homes of the people in America as in England when the wires told that Morris was dead. He burned himself out with his flame. In announcing the news to a large meeting of the workingmen of London, John Burns told them that their spokesman and fellow craftsman had died before his time because he had worn himself out for them. In his passing out of sight, Morris was as simple and as near common things and common people as he had always sought to be in life. He was taken from London to the ancient village of Lechlade to be buried near

Kelmscott Manor House, where his own country home had been. In accordance with his wishes, the windows of his town house were not darkened, and no emblem of conventional mourning was shown. There was no hearse to receive his coffin as it was taken out of the train which bore it to Lechlade. Only down the hill came a harvest wagon. Around and through its yellow framework were twisted vines and branches of willow, roofing it and hanging down over the red wheels. A bed of moss fresh from the woods was spread on the bottom. On this the great artist was laid. Wreaths of flowers were hung around the sides of the rack. Vine leaves were twisted in the bridle of the roan mare. The carter took her by the head, and the rest of the party walked behind to the graveyard. The church is a little stone building of the twelfth century which Morris had helped to preserve. It happened to be decorated for the festival of the Harvest Home. The fruits of the year were spread around. There were pumpkins and marrows, and great red and yellow apples on the seats in the porch; and red autumn leaves hung from the pillars. The coffin was of plain unpolished oak. The handles were

of iron, fashioned by the blacksmith. There was no inscription but name and dates. It was simply a village funeral, just as he wished it to be.

Morris lived and died in the faith, like Wagner and Mazzini, that the dawn of a new art was near even though he might not live to see it. "No one can tell now," he said, "what form that art will take. But as it is certain that it will not depend on the whim of a few persons but on the will of all, so it may be hoped that the art of the future will not lag behind that of past ages but will outdo the art of the past." "The art of Italy will bloom over our graves." said Mazzini, when he declared it to be the first literary and first artistic task of the literary men and artists of Italy to free their country politically. It was thus because he was an artist that Morris became an agitator. He was artist, poet, orator, craftsman, designer, capitalist, agitator, but in all—artist. Most of all, he aspired to be an artist of humanity; a painter of living pictures; a modeller of men to a better and happier life; a singer of *vers de société* that should charm society to sweeter ways. His ardent excursions into the Middle Ages and

into the future—his mediævalism and his utopianism—were precisely the measure of his devotion to the present. He sought to bring to us the best that might be. It was for the present he sung and drew and painted; he lived for his day and the men and women of his day. Therefore he wished to make all of us workmen and all workmen artists; to make all the markets, in his phrase, markets of neighbors; and to make our society, in another of his phrases, the "Host of the Fellowship." If we wished to find a word for his epitaph, we could perhaps do no better than to take another saying of his, and write upon his memory, "Love is Enough."

III

EMERSON'S WIT AND HUMOR[1]

A FRIEND of mine sat near two men in a railroad train when Concord was called by the brakeman. "Concord," said one, "that 's where Waldo Emerson lived." "Yes," said the other, "I believe he left quite a property." "So I understand," was the reply, and then they turned to the weather and crops. Well Emerson did leave quite a property, and unlike most men we may believe he took a good deal of it with him. But also, he left a great deal and some of it we will divide among ourselves this evening.

On the Pacific coast in 1871 Emerson met John Muir, who has since written *The Mountains of California*, every leaf of it a leaf of nature. Muir had read the rocks, streams,

[1] Read before the Chicago Literary Club, May 27, 1895. Published in *The Forum*, November, 1896.

Revised, as delivered at the Emerson Centennial Celebration, Boston, July 23, 1903.

and forests of his Eldorado, as Emerson the leaves in the libraries of Boston. He led Emerson as no one else could have done through the valley of the Yosemite and the passes of the Sierras. The two guides—such both were—explored each other as well as the scenes through which they were going. Emerson said that Muir was another Thoreau. Muir was felicitous in replying with an inspiration caught from the grandest trees of the grandest flora in the world. "Emerson," he said, "is the Sequoia of mankind." Speaking of these forest sublimities in his book, Muir points out that the beauty of their proportions is so perfect that the onlooker finds it impossible to realize the size of their different parts, except by actual measurements. Certainly nothing is farther from the common idea of Emerson than that he was a wit and a humorist. This part of our "Sequoia" is a limb which, to be seen for what it is, needs to be separated from a whole too great and harmonious for partial effects. But his audiences followed his lectures with laughter and smiles. Apt quotations from him get quick recognition of the same kind to-day from public and private gatherings.

Oliver Wendell Holmes recognized in Emerson a brother wit of the first water. No one who is not sensitive to humor should venture on Emerson, he says. "If not laughter, there is," thinks Morley, "at least gaiety in every piece." "His fine humor," says Conway. Lowell, in *My Study Windows*, commemorates Emerson's "glance of humor"; his biographer Cooke, "keen and ready wit"; F. B. Sanborn, "the salt of his wit"; Harriet Martineau, "his exquisite sense of humor." Tyndall found "immortal laughter" in his poetry—"in his case Poetry with the joy of a Bacchanal takes her graver brother Science by the hand, and cheers him with immortal laughter." This enthusiastic language might well apply to the last two lines of the famous prelude to Emerson's essay on *Nature*, published in 1836, twenty-three years before Darwin's *Origin of Species:*

> And striving to be man the worm
> Mounts through all the spires of form.

In the shrewd face which looks upon us out of his portraits we see that there is that sense—that saving sense—which can detect the ridiculous side—the other side—of anybody or

anything. None of their commemorators has said more reverential words of the Puritans than he. But he passes in one sentence from an almost choral admiration of the religious pleasure with which they read for daily food such authors as Milton, Flavel, Bunyan, to the anti-climax of the remark of an old lady who remembered them as being so pious that "they had to hold on hard to the huckleberry bushes to hinder themselves from being translated," and of their descendants he said: "Iron can not rust, nor beer sour, nor timber rot, nor calicoes go out of fashion, nor money stocks depreciate, in the swift moments in which the Yankee suffers any one of them to remain in his possession."

He could illuminate the subject of religion as well by a stroke of wit as by the solemn and tender passages of his *Divinity School Address*. "All the religions," he held, "are one wine in different colored glasses." In the same manner, he said: "There is but one standard English novel, like the one orthodox sermon which with slight variation is repeated every Sunday from so many pulpits." Cabot quotes him as writing about "the prevailing Boston beverage of Channing and water."

"The Church"—he is speaking of the English Church—"has nothing left but possession. If a bishop meets an intelligent gentleman, and reads fatal interrogation in his eyes, he has no resource but to take wine with him." "The clergyman who would live in the city *may* have piety, but he *must* have taste."

On a certain Sunday morning which he spent in Stratford Church, Emerson remained beside Shakespeare's grave throughout the service. The English friend who went with him was ashamed of the sermon, which was very poor. He was relieved when Emerson asked quaintly, "Did he preach?" Happily perceiving what Emerson meant he replied, "Who? Shakespeare?" "Yes," replied Emerson. Pope taught that "discord" was "harmony not understood." Emerson was of this philosophy, which is older than Pope. He called the devil "the great second best." "If Emerson went to hell," said his friend Father Taylor, of the Sailor Mission, "the devil would not know what to do with him. The climate would change and emigration would set that way."

Emerson had perhaps contemplated the possibility of such a fate. His optimism did

not fail him even here, for he expressed his gratification in the belief that "hell itself" is not without "its extreme satisfactions."

Disraeli, Sir William Fraser tells us in his gossipy reminiscences, had an elaborate code of signals to give notice to his audience that a joke was coming. His well-trained hearers in the House of Commons would begin to laugh in anticipation as they saw his handkerchief travel, stage by stage, from his pocket to the tip of his nose, where he kept the point of his witticisms, as Herrmann, the magician, uses the same organ as a never-failing fountain of eggs, watches, playing-cards, and rabbits. But in the best wit it is always the unexpected that happens. Emerson gives no notice, does not affect to be a wit, and slips from grave to gay and back again in a flash. He begins solemnly, "The mysteries of creation";—"known only to the pious," he concludes. He made merry with Swedenborg's intimate knowledge of these "mysteries" and declared that his carefully elaborated angels looked as stiff as country parsons. There were other things more important than angels. "An actually-existent fly is more important than a possibly-existent angel." His scepticism

about angels extended to the plans of aërial navigators that men should imitate angelic methods of locomotion. "We are not yet ripe," he said, "to be birds." The same happening of the unexpected in speech which finds us in our smiles can also turn to tears. On the morning of January 27, 1842, a note came to the Hoar household in Concord from Emerson. "Everything wakes this morning —except—my darling boy."

The wit is even more judicial than the judge who knows neither friends nor enemies. The wit must know both his friends and enemies, and himself who is of both these. Emerson said of himself, "I am always insincere as always knowing that there are other moods." He did not spare himself. He did not spare his own craft. "There is indeed this vice about men of thought, that you cannot quite trust them. . . . They have a hankering to play Providence, and make a distinction in favor of themselves from the rules they apply to the human race." We can see what he meant when we open our Renan, and read where, under the certainly inapt title, "Intellectual and Moral Reform," Renan says in substance to the Church: Leave us literary

men alone and we will leave you alone with the people—a passage not too sharply criticised by Mazzini as the most singular and the most immoral compromise that could enter into the brain of a thinker.

In the eye twinkling through Emerson's pages we get the clue which many of his would-be critics have missed. Having no sense of humor concealed about their persons, as he had, they did not detect that he was laughing, if not at them, at their kind. Expressions at which they brayed in terror were not the extravagancies they took them to be, but the broad strokes of an imagination translucent with the inner flames of wit. His one subject, as he put it, was in all his lectures, "the infinitude of the private man." He has uttered this thought of the partnership of man in the creative power in many inspired passages which have become familiar quotations. But he had more than one way of expressing this thought. Looking out of a window at a winter storm, he once said, as a friend of his told me, "I snow."

Pursuing the familiar thought that men are only higher representatives of the lower animals, Emerson said to Conway: "How

familiar is the class of calves and donkeys walking on two feet around us!"

Emerson's utterances on Immortality have taken their place among the litanies of sacred anthology. A well-known literary woman of Chicago having heard the reports, current some years ago, of a reaction in his opinions said to him, "Mr. Emerson, you do believe in the immortality of the soul, do you not?" In his essay, whose sentences go sounding on like organ chords, Emerson makes Yama, the Hindoo god of Death, say: "The soul is not born; it does not die; . . . unborn, eternal, it is not slain, though the body is slain; subtler than what is subtle, greater than what is great, sitting it goes far, sleeping it goes everywhere." It had been with such majestic notes that she had been filling her ears. It may well be believed that she was unprepared for the rapid transition in the tone of her oracle, who parried her with "Madam, are we swill?" For he was no *poseur;* he would not "show off," nor act the augur, and he would take any liberty with words that his audacity or wit or gaiety might prompt. His mind was not only original but, as E. P. Whipple said of it, "aboriginal." Alternation of

the currents in the brain as in the dynamo is the invariable accompaniment of power. The great orator swings his audience from tears to laughter, not from the calculated use of contrasts but in obedience to a law of emotion which rules him as he rules his audience.

It was the heat of his high combustion that condensed Emerson's sentences, as he described them, into paragraphs infinitely repellent, "incompressible." It is this which makes him the most quotable of writers. You can find in him the philosophies packed into phrases. We are not in the habit of thinking of scholars and poets as men of high vitality. Rather they have the reputation of being of a low tone physically. But performance is the high horse of power, and this low tone of a great author usually evidences not a lack of physical power, but diversion of energy to inner channels. "Health is the first wealth." Emerson said, and one of the secrets of his style is the exuberant spring that rose within him, and overflowed in an affluent stream. It was from this he got the joy of life that bubbled up in his deportment in a perpetual serenity, in his philosophy in common sense, and in his working power in an affluence which

had no thought of an eight-hour day but produced during almost every waking moment. "Every man would be a poet," he says, "if his digestion were perfect," and again, "The work of the writer needs a frolic health." Emerson, delicate as he seemed, could eat pie every day, having it always for the first thing at breakfast, and he never had indigestion. To most of us this would be a frolic health indeed.

"How can Mr. Emerson," said one of the younger members of the party with which he made the trip in California, "be so agreeable all the time without getting tired?" His balance was moral as well as physical and mental. It is quite scientific to attribute his goodness as also his good humor largely to the same health which gave him the power of continuous literary production and made him equal at an advanced age to arduous journeys in snow and ice in Michigan and Illinois to fulfil lecture engagements. Health is not only the first wealth, as he says, but the first piety. His sanity or soundness ran through his whole nature. Mr. Woodberry is not afraid to say that Emerson probably did not know in his own experience what sin was as other men

know it. We find the critical Henry James the elder, in his *Literary Remains*, drawing the portrait with the same halo. Carlyle must have felt the same thing, for on one occasion he refused to precede Emerson to the dinner-table. "I am too wicked," he said. This is but to say that in his case sanity, or soundness, had evolved itself up to sanctity, and it would not be easy to see why it should not have done so in his case, or why we should not all believe that to be the common destiny. "What one is why may not millions be?" asks Wordsworth. Emerson felt that sickness and wickedness were one and the same. "One sometimes suspects," he put it, "that outer have something to do with inner complaints, and, when one is ill, something the devil' s the matter." No machinery could throw him out of employment.

The gaiety of health and strength which expressed itself in other men in exuberance of spirits came out in Emerson in exuberance of phrase. The feeble pulse of the didactic exhorter says, "Aim high," but Emerson, the earth light under his happy feet, cries, "Hitch your wagon to a star." So in another address he says the time will come when "we shall be

willing to sow the sun and the moon for seeds." He was French in his dislike of dull expression. For commonplace phrases about the "Unity of Nature," he substitutes, "The tree is rooted man," or, "The musk-rat is man modified to live in a mud-bank," or, "Yonder mountain must migrate into your mind." When he wants to tell what *Podsnap* would wave away as, "The universal social unrest," he says: "Nowadays every man carries a revolution in his vest-pocket." "The transfusion of the blood," he says, "it is claimed in Paris, will enable a man to change his blood as often as his linen." He quotes another Parisian fancy that by electro-magnetism our salads shall be grown from the seeds while our fowl is roasting and dismisses it thus, "Nothing is gained, nature cannot be cheated. Man's life is but seventy salads long, grow they swift or grow they slow." Speaking of the resistance of the party of property to every progressive step, he said: "They would nail the stars to the sky." To make the living virtue of his beloved Montaigne's style comprehended, he says: "Cut these words and they would bleed." Many writers have described the insularity of the English. He brings the

metaphor buried in that word to life again. "Every one of these islanders is an island himself." He contrasts French love of display with English love of reality. "The Frenchman invented the ruffle, the Englishman added the shirt." It was his frolic health of mind, or, as he said of his friend Carlyle, "this glad and needful venting of his redundant spirits," from which came the felicities, paradoxes, contradictions, he revelled in. "Consistency" he thought to be "the bugbear of small minds." He would say on one page, "Solitude is impracticable, and society fatal," and on another, "He only who is able to stand alone is fit for society." He saw everything in flight, even truth. "The truest state of mind, rested in, becomes false." Audacity is a large part of the surprise which is a large part of wit. Mr. Higginson insists that it was meant in all solemnity, but still we must ascribe some of it to the intrepidity of the wit, when Emerson speaks of God as It. "I always carry a compass," Emerson told Charles Eliot Norton, in speaking of Columbus, and taking it out of his pocket, he added, "I like to hold God in my hand."

Emerson, the reformer, descendant of re-

formers, inspiring spirit of reform, shot some of his sharpest shafts at reformers. He was a reformer, but he was also a wit. All great wits, from Aristophanes to "Mark Twain," have been reformers, but, alas! all reformers are not wits. Emerson had that love of fun, that insight into the absurd, that sharp ear for the other side, that detective eye for humbug, which makes the wit, and makes the wit the most dangerous enemy of the wrong-doer. In his day in New England the air fairly sizzled with unrest. Every accepted idea, every established institution, every conventionality, had its assailant. It was a time when, as he puts it, "The young men seemed to have been born with knives in their brains." Through this whirl of agitation Emerson held his way, sympathetic but smiling, never off his feet or out of his head. Morley thinks that in him was realized Hawthorne's hope in the *Blithedale Romance* that "out of the very thoughts that were wildest and most destructive might grow a wisdom holy, calm, and pure, and that should incarnate itself with the substance of a noble and happy life." "In the person of Emerson," declares Morley "this ferment and

dissolvency of thought worked itself out in a strain of wisdom of the highest and purest." Emerson was able to run these intellectual rapids without slipping back into the doubt, aversion, and reaction that caught Burke, Wordsworth, and Tennyson.

Speaking of the enthusiasts who were then discussing the plans that ended in Brook Farm, Emerson wrote to Carlyle: "One man renounced the use of animal food, another of coin, another of domestic hired service, and another of the state, and on the whole we have a commendable share of reason and hope." "I am," he says, "gently mad myself, and am resolved to live cleanly." We recognize his pen in the description in *The Dial* of one of the characteristic conventions of that period, one of many then meeting in Boston. This gathering of 1840 called itself the "Friends of Universal Progress." "There were in it," says Emerson, "many persons whose church was a church of one member only." "Madmen, mad-women, men with beards, Dunkers, Muggletonians, Come-Outers, Groaners, Agrarians, Seventh-Day Baptists, Quakers, Abolitionists, Calvinists, Unitarians, and philosophers all came succes-

sively to the top, and seized their moment, if not their hour, wherein to chide, or pray or preach, or protest." One woman, who was always jumping up with a roll of manuscript in these conventions, he styles "that flea of conventions." "Even the insect world was to be defended. That had been too long neglected, and a society for the protection of ground-worms, slugs, and mosquitoes was to be incorporated without delay." Reporting upon these swimmers—these fellow-swimmers —in "the storm-engendering sea of liberty," Emerson made the remark: "There is nothing a reformer hates so much as—another reformer." And with quite as much pungency, he laid it down that "Society gains nothing whilst a man not himself renovated attempts to renovate things around him." He gives a related idea an equally felicitous expression, when he says, "There can be no concert in two where there is no concert in one." "I go to a convention of philanthropists. Do what I will, I cannot keep my eyes off the clock." "The reformers," he said, "bite us and we run mad too."

These gentle recalls to reason are the notes of a friend, not of an enemy. The reformers

smiled at themselves with their critic, a privileged character, for he had been the first American scholar of his generation to thrust his pen into the heart of slavery.

What Holmes so happily calls the inward, inaudible laughter of Emerson, "more refreshing than the explosion of our noisiest humorists," is to be seen in his account of Brook Farm. "The married women were against the community. . . . The Common School was well enough, but to the common nursery they had grave objections. Eggs might be hatched in ovens, but the hen on her own account much preferred the old way." He describes the community as "a perpetual picnic, a French Revolution in small, an Age of Reason in a patty-pan." It was a paradise of shepherds and shepherdesses, but, "The ladies took cold on washing-day and it was ordained that the gentlemen-shepherds should hang out the clothes, but—in the evening when they began to dance the clothes-pins dropped from their pockets."

No weapons have cut deeper into the public enemy than those of the leaders who know how to make the people smile while kindling their wrath. In his speech on affairs in Kan-

sas, Emerson fetched one of these strokes. "The President says, 'Let the complainants go to the Courts.' He knows that when the poor plundered farmer comes to the court, he finds the ringleader who has robbed him, dismounting from his horse, and unbuckling his knife to sit as his judge." He could turn on the farmer too. Writing to Carlyle of the "honest solid farmers" of America, he said, "Horace Greeley does their thinking for them at a dollar a head."

When Choate belittled the Declaration of Independence as made up of "glittering generalities," Emerson retorted, "I call them, rather, blazing ubiquities."

Mrs. Carlyle said that Carlyle's love of silence was entirely Platonic. Morley speaks humorously of Carlyle's gospel of silence in thirty-nine volumes. There must have been a gleam in Emerson's eyes when he was asked by the Rev. Dr. Gould of Worcester what was the secret of excellence in literary style, and answered: "Suppression." But there was no lack of performance in Emerson's love of utterance. He smote, when need was, with a hammer as heavy as Thor's. He loved Webster, and no finer

characterizations than his have been made of the great man, all whose dimensions, as Emerson put it, were such as to make him the personification of the American continent. But when Webster voted for the Fugitive Slave bill, Emerson spoke in words that still bite. "Every drop of Webster's blood," he said, "has eyes that look downward." Thomas Davidson has made known another epigram of Emerson's on Webster, never before published.

> How did all manliness in Webster fail
> Who wrote on nature's noblest brow "For Sale!"

Such fierceness is rare in his humor. One more instance of it is in *English Traits* where the rampant and couchant glories of the coats-of-arms of the English nobility are given a turn not to be found in the philosophy of the Heralds' College. After describing "the twenty thousand thieves who landed at Hastings" with William the Conqueror "as greedy and ferocious pirates," who "burned, harried, violated, tortured, and killed," he turns his pen in the wound he has made. "Such however is the illusion of antiquity

and wealth that decent and dignified men now existing boast their descent from these filthy thieves, who showed a far juster conviction of their own merits by assuming for their types the swine, goat, jackal, leopard, wolf, and snake, which they severally resembled."

Emerson was so far from seeking effect that, as Conway found, in printing his essays he would omit passages which when spoken had made a laugh. Thus he left out of his paper on "Superlatives" a remark about oaths which had greatly entertained his audience, to the effect that the oath could be used by a thinking man only in some great moral emergency. He meant his wit to be the sauce, not the roast; a touch of nature, not the intellectual elephantiasis of the professional. But he did not omit from "Nature" his remark that maples and ferns are still uncorrupt; yet no doubt when they come to consciousness they, too, will curse and swear.

His opinion of the class known as "men of wit" is given in *The Natural History of the Intellect.* "There is really a grievous amount of unavailableness about men of wit. A plain man finds them so heavy, dull, and

oppressive with bad jokes, and conceit, and stupefying individualism that he comes to write in his tablets, 'Avoid the great man as one who is privileged to be an unprofitable companion.'" He gives another slap at this class in his essay on "Clubs." "Things are in pairs. . . . A story is matched by another story, and that may be the reason why when a gentleman has told a good thing, he immediately tells it again." This was not the Puritan in him preferring the frown to the laugh. He never frowned; he was, as one of his admirers has said, "the smile of the century." He believed that "a rogue alive to the ludicrous is still convertible." He called "the perception of the comic a balance-wheel in our metaphysical structure." Nothing in Carlyle appeals more to Emerson than his wit—his "playing of tunes," as this fellow-wit most keenly characterized it, "with a whip-lash like some renowned charioteer." "We have had nothing in literature so like earthquakes," he says, "as the laughter of Carlyle. . . . These jokes shake down Parliament House and Windsor Castle, Temple and Tower, and the future shall echo the dangerous peals." Not less happy is his

definition of Carlyle as "a trip-hammer with an Eolian attachment."

With the same feeling that led him to strike out some of the laughable passages, and made him unwilling to play the man of wit, he always used a quiet note in referring to his own work. When he speaks of giving a course of lectures, he calls it beginning to "sell tickets again," or going "peddling with my literary pack of notions." Writing poetry he calls "whistling." One reason perhaps why Emerson was so agreeable was this reserve and refinement of his humor. He disliked loud laughter. He came to have a great friendship for Margaret Fuller, but it had to conquer a strong feeling he at first had against her because she made him laugh more than he liked. He was very seldom heard to laugh. His laugh, as Prof. Thayer describes it, was "a quiet ground-swell." To force a laugh from his readers would have been not to be Emerson. "True wit," he said, "never made us laugh." His sparks fly only when his mind is working at a high heat. His letters seldom reach this level, unlike Lowell's which bubble and sparkle at every turn with fun which sometimes is all the more agreeable because so

obviously produced like ice at New Orleans, artificially, and with the set purpose to be agreeable.

Similarly there was little drollery in Emerson's conversation, though it had a sweetness which the testimony of a cloud of witnesses makes it not extravagant to call ineffable. But we get a touch of fun once in a while, as in the story he tells of the duel between an Englishman and a Frenchman in a dark room. The Englishman desiring to spare the Frenchman fires up the chimney and brings down the Frenchman. Emerson is reported to have said that when he told that story in Paris he put the Englishman up the chimney,—but I can not vouch for that. Emerson had been present at some tableaux vivants in Concord in which with the help of two kerosene lamps and a lot of pink gauze some very ambitious transformation scenes had been attempted. Asked if he would not like to have the mysteries of the process explained to him, he said: "No, I prefer to continue regarding it as a miracle." Emerson's only convivial story according to his Concord friends was not very convivial. It was of a man who was reproached by his wife for coming home so late,

when he appeared at four o'clock in the morning. "It is not so late," he insisted. "I have just heard the clock strike one—repeatedly." Deprecating uncongenial introductions thus: "Whom God hath put asunder, why should man join together." The chairman of the committee of arrangements at one place where Emerson lectured was very zealous. He did not leave his distinguished charge to himself for a moment, but superintended every detail of his eating, drinking, coming, and going, almost his toilet. When at last he had been taken to the station ticketed, checked, and seated, and *bon voyaged*, Emerson, as the train moved off, said to a companion, "What a despotically benevolent young man."

A pleasantry recorded of him is a story he told of a friend who carried a horse-chestnut to protect him from rheumatism. "He has never had it since he began to carry it, and indeed it appears to have had a retrospective operation, for he never had it before." An English friend tells that while with Mr. Emerson in his garden discussing some problem of life, he was called to see to something about the wood supply; when he came back he said, with his wonderful smile, "Now we will return

to the real things." When Oliver Wendell Holmes asked him if he had any manual dexterity, he illustrated his want of it by replying, that he could split a shingle four ways with one nail. "Which," says Dr. Holmes, "as the intention is not to split it at all in fastening it to the roof, I took to be a confession of inaptitude for mechanical work." In later years he lost his memory of the names of things. Once he wanted his umbrella, but could not recall the word. But he got around the difficulty. "I can't tell its name, but I can tell its history. Strangers take it away." His daughter ran in one day to ask who should be invited to join their berry-picking party. "All the children," he said, "from six years to sixty." Equally tender is the humor of this in the essay on "Illusions": "When the boys come into my yard for leave to gather horse-chestnuts, I enter into nature's game, and affect to grant the permission reluctantly, fearing that any moment they will find out the imposture. . . . But this tenderness is quite unnecessary; the enchantments are laid on very thick."

This recluse could sit in his garden at Concord or wander along the shores of Walden

and see into the penetralia of Vanity Fair quite as keenly as the clubmen of Michigan Avenue or Piccadilly. He was once asked if he approved of Platonic friendship between men and women. "Yes," he said, "but—hands off!" Once Emerson was in Chicago to lecture to its Fortnightly Club of women, and this is one of its traditions. Its president said to him, "It is too bad you were not here last week, Mr. Emerson. We were discussing Goethe's *Elective Affinities* and would have been so glad to get your views." Emerson bowed with gracious silence. "What would you have said to us about it?" the lady persisted. "Madam," he replied, "I have never felt that I had attained to the purity of mind that qualified me to judge that book." The story has its interrogation point, but it is too late now to recover its authentic form.

We all know the kind of men he described as those who "seem to steal their own dividends," and the kind of girl like *Lillian* who "began the world with a cold in her head and has been adding to it ever since." Of the type Disraeli chose for the hero of *Vivian Grey*, Emerson said: "They never sleep, go nowhere, stay nowhere, eat nothing, and

know nobody, but are up to anything though it were the genesis of nature or the last cataclysm. Festus-like, Faust-like, Jove-like, they could write an Iliad any rainy morning if fame were not such a bore." Very delicate but very penetrating is his characterization of a certain class of the American youth, who are being "converted into pale caryatides to uphold the temple of conventions."

He did not care much for metaphysics. "Who has not looked into a metaphysical book, and what sensible man ever looked twice?" He wanted only a teaspoonful a year of its crop of pepper, and he added, "I admire the Dutch who burned half the harvest to enhance the price of the remainder."

There has already come to be an Emerson legend, like the Lincoln legend, grave and gay. It attributes to Emerson the maxim that the consciousness of being well-dressed gives one a moral support greater than the consolations of religion. But it was not his own but a quotation he gives from the talk of a bright woman.

In Boston a story is current which is well found, even if it is not true. A believer in the immediate second coming of Christ went about

warning people that the end of the world was at hand. Emerson heard him serenely, and only said, "We can do without it." The Emerson legend is as good a place as any in which to put the Concord witticism about his relations with one of its philosophers. Emerson somewhere says that no one can easily be a good judge of his own admirers. Many of his friends thought there was no better exemplification of this than the, as it seemed to them, extravagant estimation in which he held this neighbor. They said this assimilating brother would repeat to Emerson on Tuesday the good things Emerson had said to him on Monday, and Emerson would marvel at the felicities of his inspired friend. The wits of Concord said that Emerson was a seer and his friend a seer-sucker.

Emerson styles himself a reporter merely, a suburban kind of man. He tried to see, he said, and to tell what he saw. To round a sentence or play the oracle was not possible to his integrity and sanity. In Arthur Hugh Clough's phrase, he "wholly declined roaring." When he speaks in the accents of the solemn, the grand, the beautiful, it is because his soul found itself in these deep waters.

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But if in the next moment the transition to comic or satiric came within, it would be given free speech, without. Wit shading down at one end of its spectrum to the merely comic brightens at the other into celestial radiations of wisdom too strong for laughter, as Wordsworth's thoughts were too deep for tears. From this sublimer wit came the illuminated vision with which Emerson saw and reported realities where others saw only mysteries, and mysteries where others thought they saw realities. Along his whole range from the essay on the "Oversoul" to that on the "Comic," this power of surprising the truth in front and rear is Emerson.

IV

SIR HARRY VANE

SIR HARRY VANE, of all the heroes of our English blood, had the loftiest and realest belief in the divinity of man, and was, *therefore*, the bravest and wisest of reformers. This was not by chance, that the faith which could look forward far enough to see that man was destined to hold "converse high, intuitive and comprehensive," with the divine, had begun to express itself in a series of social ameliorations which has brought Anglo-Saxon civilization where it is and still leads us on. Just that must have come from such a man and such a principle. Dante's belief that the universe was a thought of God and that Humanity was One, set him knocking at every King's gate in Europe for help to make Italy free, and carried him though such a singer of peace, as the world has seldom seen, into the thick of the fight for liberty at bloody

Campaldino. Men like Vane and Dante are great because with them thought means action. With Sir Harry Vane the abstract statement of the right of the reason of every man, however deluded, to be constrained by nothing less divine than itself meant practical things. Among these practicalities was his demand that government should be reconstructed on the basis of consent and natural rights, principles which no statesman before him had dreamed of, and which have been and still are the moving principles of modern social growth. His grand saying that man was destined to "converse high, intuitive and comprehensive" with the divine, sought to realize itself at once in such real shapes as proposals for Parliamentary reform which anticipated by two centuries the reforms of 1832 and 1867, and plans for calling the people of England together in representative conventions, to adopt a constitutional form of government based on the doctrine of consent, and embodied in a written constitution.

Sir Harry Vane in declaring that there could be no other rule over the conscience of any one than the rule of Christ, meant that in the actual affairs of Church, State, and

Society, universal freedom of conscience must be demanded and given. With Vane this formula of "freedom of conscience" went with its application. By saving Anne Hutchinson from the fury of a crucifying ecclesiasticism in Massachusetts, he was the direct instrument of the establishment in Rhode Island for the first time in Christian history of a state founded on complete freedom of religious belief.

"Death is a little word," Sir Harry Vane said on the scaffold, "but it is a great work to die." Vane was called "the man above ordinances" because he treated all ordinances and institutions as mere instruments of the spirit, husks which first shelter then hinder the growing seed. He insisted that the spirit should mould, that institutions should yield. What Emerson calls the "growth of natural goodness," what Vane calls the evangelical conscience, develops not only inwardly but outwardly.

Vane placed himself above the ordinances of religion and the state because like Emerson, with regard to the communion, he felt that the form encumbered the spirit. He went without the sacrament for two years because

he could find no priest willing to give it to him standing. An almost forgotten incident shows how far beyond even the most radical dreams of political reform, the common people of his day were carried by the aspirations for that realized freedom of conscience in action, of which Vane was the voice.

In April, 1649, bodies of men moving by a spontaneous impulse took possession of unoccupied ground at St. Margaret's Hill in Surrey, and other places, and began digging and sowing. These were "Levellers," the appearance of which in numerous bands all over the country at that time, showed that the people were stirred to the depths of opinion on all subjects, social as well as political and religious. Everard, their leader, a Jew, said there had lately appeared to him a vision, which had bidden him, "Arise, and dig and plough the earth, and receive the fruits thereof." "We intend," he said, "to restore the creation to its former condition. The time will suddenly be when all men will willingly come in and give up their land and estates and submit to this community. For money, there is no need of it."

Vane taught that conscience must be free,

government is by consent, the reason of man is to be constrained by nothing less sacred than itself. There is in every man the possibility of rising to high intuitive and comprehensive intercourse with the divine; every man shares in the creative power of the universe. If this is true, said these common people of two centuries ago, any institution which interferes with our full growth in any province of life must be wrong. They failed with their Utopia, of course. The time had not come. The contemporary chronicle calls the opinions of these people "weak persuasions," but Professor T. H. Green of Oxford—the original of Gray in *Robert Elsmere*—comes right to our point when he says, that the persuasion "weak though it might be, was simply an expression of that individual consciousness of spiritual capacity and right, which had been strong enough to pull down an ancient Church and Monarchy, and was now tearing off the encumbrances by which, as it seemed, ages of selfish activity had clogged its motion." Freedom, says Thomas Hughes, is freedom to do as we ought, not as we like. Vane's four-squared mind knew that freedom of conscience—or the right use of our spiritual

power, carries with it, as the right to be a sun carries with it the right to shine—the right to freedom, or right use, everywhere and in everything. If all men are to have salvation, all men must have the means of salvation, and all of them. No contracts, charters, constitutions, title deeds, are valid which interfere with the free right use by all men of all the means of growth. This is but another way of putting the doctrine by which the courts invalidate such arrangements when the dominant public opinion finds them "contrary to public policy."

What is freedom or right use, in the spiritual life, or the political or industrial, in field, factory, Church, or Parliament, reveals itself only through all humanity, not through priest, king, or capitalist. This is what Dante meant when he said: "It is the proper work of the human race as a whole to realize its total capacity of development." Lincoln meant the same thing, when he said six hundred years later, with his homely wit: "You can fool all of the people some of the time, and some of the people all the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time." This is the central principle of progress, democracy, the

res publica, civilization. It is the doctrine of Socrates, Christ, Luther, Vane, Washington, Mazzini, Lincoln, enveloped in their lives and teachings like the genii of the *Arabian Nights*, expanding infinitely beyond the vase that held him and yet always contained in it. The deepest among the "causes of the present discontent," to use Burke's phrase, is that to-day the enlarging conscience which has pushed aside king and priestcraft, feels itself pushing with its tender shoots against the hard crust of the institutions of property. "Things are in the saddle and ride mankind," and as they ride, like Tennyson's Northern Farmer declaring that "the poor in a loomp is bad," we can all hear the beat of the hoofs as the farmer heard them.

Proputty, Proputty, Proputty, that 's what I 'ears 'en say
Proputty Proputty, Proputty, canter and canter away.

The ordinances of property, business, capital are certainly not more sacred than those of Church and State. Sir Harry Vane would put his freedom of conscience as bravely through these as through those, when he

found them shutting off room and light from the spirit seeking to realize its destiny in his fine phrase of "intercourse, high, intuitive, and comprehensive with the divine." This converse is but the development to their highest of the faculties of man, and man in his highest function, that of the laborer using the gifts of nature from sod to God to realize all his possibilities of physical and spiritual growth, will no more than elsewhere brook the claims of any individual or class to infallibility, mediatorship, or divine right.

V

SOME DUTCH NOTIONS[1]

ONE day in Albany, New York, walking the streets with a Knickerbocker friend of the last generation, at the suggestion of a distant bell he fell to mournful comments on the destruction of the old Dutch customs by the barbarian Yankees. Most of all he seemed to lament the "suppaun bell." In the good old days, he told me, when he was a boy, the bells of the town used to ring every night at half-past eight, whereupon every good Dutchman took himself home and after eating his bowl of suppaun and milk went to bed to dream that he was William of Orange or Philip the Second, according as his digestion was good or bad—and it was seldom bad. "But now that the Yankees have got control of everything," my friend

[1] Address before Holland Society Banquet, April 22, 1897, Chicago, Ill.

of patroon descent went on, "they have stopped the suppaun bell, and all the old virtues are disappearing with it." As one who had known the simple delight of suppaun from my earliest years I grieved with my friend over the passing of the suppaun bell and shared his sorrow that this ingenious way of getting the boys and girls young and old off the streets and early to bed should have become only a memory for the antiquary. The suppaun bell was the curfew of the Dutch, and it was characteristic of the gentleness and common sense which have always marked them that they should have placed the vision of the alluring suppaun at the end of the vista of virtue instead of the policeman's club and the watch-house cell after the harsh fashion now being revived all around us. The Dutch always were believers in eating and drinking—for others as well as for themselves. There have never been in the Dutch East Indies the awful famines that have so often ravaged the English East Indies. How much more than mush and milk was covered by their suppaun bells I need not enumerate here to the descendants of the vrouws who invented crullers and buckwheat cakes, dis-

covered the virtues of terrapin, first put hops into beer, introduced walnuts to the English, and the Dutch oven to the New English, and put on the dinner tables of Europe most of its foreign fruits and vegetables. Long before the English had learned from the Dutch to starch their clothes and knew little other use for the carpets which the Dutch brought them from Turkey and Persia than to make table covers of them, and were throwing the bones of their meats into the rushes under the table, the Dutch had all the appointments of a refined table service and a varied and well cooked bill of fare. The man who was asked if he would take a little water in his whiskey and said, No, he preferred it pure just as God had made it, was not a Dutchman. The Dutch did not make their motto that avowed by a distinguished artist I know—high living and plain thinking. With their gift of hops to a world given over to fire-water they were great temperance reformers. Their genius was for moderation, and Peter Stuyvesant spoke for their surest instinct when he issued his prohibition against "drunken drinking."

The suppaun bell rings no more, and the

honest, gentle, and brave men and women for whom it rang are no more, but they have left upon the world of literature and liberty and life an impress which we do well to commemorate in such pious festivities as this. Holland was a little country but the Hollanders were not little men. The greatest marks have apparently been made on human society by the little countries—Palestine, Greece, Holland. "Except the blind forces of nature nothing moves in our world of progress," says Sir Henry Sumner Maine, "that is not Greek in its origin." Holland is the modern Greece. Almost everything that is American was first Dutch. The Netherlands first had the red, white, and blue flag and they gave our flag its first salute. No speech at a Holland Society banquet would be in order that did not rehearse how they were first in the establishment of religious toleration, in the Declaration of Independence, in the separation of Church and State, in the adoption of a written constitution, in the formation of a United States, and first in the invention of many details of government like that of a senate in which each State has one vote, and first in proclaiming the principle of no taxation with-

out representation. It is precedents, especially successful ones which rule the world, as Thorold Rogers well says, and these precedents of the Dutch and their success gave the cue as Rogers says for the Parliamentary War in England, the American Revolution, and the European reconstruction which beginning in France in 1789 and midwiving Germany in 1815 is still working away on its mission of republicanizing that belated continent.

The great empires go, the great ideas stay. Many tried that which the Dutch not only tried but achieved. The Huguenots and the Puritans and the Germans failed to maintain in France and in England and in Germany the political and religious liberty which the Dutch established forever in Holland. The world is governed by successful precedents, and the success of the Dutch has been the yeast of the success of liberty everywhere since. The Dutch thus first proved that the people could be trusted with the liberty to pay and the liberty to pray, and these lie at the foundation of all liberties. The battle of Marathon which settled that Europe was to be Grecian and not Persian, democracy not satrapy, was one of the turning points of modern history,

but Thorold Rogers is certainly right when he declares with an eloquence which comes with an inexpressible charm from the measured lips of a great statistician and political economist, that the heroic rescue of religious and civic liberty by the Dutch from the Spanish king was infinitely more romantic, more successful, and more significant. The debt the prosperity and liberty of mankind owe these people is greater he declares than that due any other race. "To the true lover of liberty Holland is the Holy Land of modern Europe and should be held sacred."

Persian against Greek, Roman against Northerner, Spanish against Dutch, British against American, the conflict takes different shapes from age to age but it is always the same conflict—the conflict between the two human natures of light and darkness, of freedom and slavery, the human nature which seeks to rise by pulling down its brothers and that which seeks to rise by lifting its brothers up with it. The Turk who made the Parthenon a gunpowder magazine centuries ago, and wrecked that song of freedom crystallized in marble, is the same Turk who is now again advancing on liberty and beauty in Greece.

It is the same Turk who has been outraging the temples of the living God in Armenia by the hundreds of thousands—human Parthenons. The Spaniard who is making the whole of Cuba to-day one vast Coliseum for the torture and sacrifice of the martyrs, who obey God by resisting the tyrant, is the same Spaniard of Alva and the Council of Blood come to life again. The British aristocracy which by force and surprise in time of peace took New Amsterdam from the Dutch who had bought it from the Indians, and outlawed George Washington, and in its Parliament cheered the escape of the *Alabama* is the same British aristocracy which by its exactions of $150,000,000 a year from India, has manufactured the most awful massacre by misgovernment, miscalled a famine, which has ever appalled the conscience and the hearts of mankind. It is the same British aristocracy which by precisely similar means of political massacre has produced precisely similar results in kind if not in degree in Ireland, and celebrates the Queen's Jubilee this year, with the statistics of the decline of population in the land with the finest soil and climate and the thriftiest and honestest people in Europe, from

eight millions to four millions in one reign. It is the same British aristocracy which is now gathering its Maxim guns and dynamite bombs to do to the Dutch of the Transvaal what it has already done to them twice before —rob them of the land they have created and drive them forth to "treck" again into the wilderness in the vain hope that they can find a home beyond the reach of these British missionairies, as their ancestors vainly hoped they had found in Manhattan Island. Beam and mote hunting should begin, like charity, at home. Let us be honest and unhypocritical and confess that it is the same American who perpetrated what Helen Hunt so forcibly styled "Our Century of Dishonor," who is now by Humphrey bills at the State capitals and trust tariffs at Washington and boodle ordinances in the city halls taking away from the people the government of all for all, depriving us of our representative institutions and our constitutions and putting us again under Philip the Seconds and George the Thirds, more dangerous than the old kind because shrouded and impersonalized as no old tyrants ever were by the veil of the corporation. In his wonderful letter on the

Cretan situation Gladstone thrice sounded the keynote of the infamous policy of the great powers when he said that it was what it was because the people were not represented in it. That is it; the people are not represented; nowhere are the people truly yet represented neither in the foreign policy of the so-called great powers, nor in the domestic policy of any nation or state or city. Everywhere yet is there misrepresentation; everywhere closure of life as well as of legislation. Wherever we go, here or abroad, we find the conscience of the people uneasy, distressed, smitten by the things it sees done in its name and worse yet undone, in Cuba, Armenia, India, Greece, Russia, the Transvaal, and to the poor in all the cities and all the provinces of our Christendom. In this great crisis we of America, heirs and beneficiaries of all the heroisms and sacrifices and emancipations of the past, owe it to the world to take the leadership as Holland, when it was one of the smallest and weakest of nations, dared to brave the richest and most powerful Empire of Europe. When the principles of civil and religious self-government were new and untried theories it dared to put them into

practice. Shall not the Americans when they have become the strongest of nations, and the richest, more impregnable in their continental isolation than England in her island fortress—separated from invaders by thousands of miles of sea where England has but a score—dare, as brave little Holland dared? When the principles of political and economic and religious liberty have been found tried and not found wanting shall we not have the courage to carry them a step farther and say that what has been proved so good for some of the people, shall be made the birthright of all the people, at home and abroad, in the markets, in the right to work, and to enjoy the fruits of work as well as in the right to worship, and that we will not stand by and see any people robbed of them—anywhere? When we were beginning life Washington told us to avoid mixing in the broils of European politics and to keep clear of entangling alliances. He did not tell us when we became great and rich and supreme to refuse to other peoples struggling for life and liberty and the honor of their women, the help we were ready to beg and eager to take when we were struggling for life and liberty and honor. Washing-

ton and the forefathers were not adventurers seeking a selfish advantage. They were not mean men. When they asked the help of the people of France and the Netherlands, they pledged themselves and us and all who flourish under the flag which that help saved, that when to us in our days of plenitude of power came the cry of the oppressed and the ravaged and the starving, we would answer that cry whether from Armenia or Greece or Cuba or the unemployed of our own home. The United States must be a gentleman among the nations, and it is the first and the last characteristic of a gentleman not to accept from any one a service he is not willing to return in kind. If there has not been such a gentleman among the nations let America be the first. It will not be more venturous than it was for the ancestors we worship here to-day to be the first to assert the freedom of worship and of self-government, and to be the first to give shelter to the victims of Laud and Elizabeth, and the first to give recognition and ships and money to the rebels against King George. We got our liberty and prosperity by seeking and accepting help; we can keep these and our self-respect only by giving

help out of our abundance to those who need it now.

Horace Greeley when in Paris was talking one day in the gallery of the Louvre to a fellow American about the bumptiousness of his countrymen. "What we need," Mr. Greeley said, "is a good licking." An Englishman standing near rubbed his hands with delight and said under his breath "That 's so." "But the trouble is," Mr. Greeley went on not seeming to see or hear the Englishman, "that there is no one able to give it to us." If nobody can lick us we need not be afraid to play the just and generous big brother among the nations.

Our liberties sprang from the successful resistance of the sixteenth century to the tyranny of Spain. We can pay that debt by helping those who are resisting the Spanish tyranny of the nineteenth century, and we are repudiators if we do not so pay it.

This is impracticable? That was what the "practical" men said in Holland when it was proposed that the little country with a big soul should defy Philip the mightiest of kings, rich and great with the treasure and the armies and the prestige inherited from Charles V.

This is Utopian? Every one of our established institutions was Utopian the day before yesterday. The next day "there was something in it," and to-day it is a pillar of society. If it was not Utopian for the Thirteen Colonies to ask for the help of mighty France why is it Utopian for Cuba and Greece to ask the greatest of the nations to help them and for us to listen? If it was right for Washington to accept the helping hand of ready Holland, how can it be right for Washington's successors to refuse to give the helping hand to the Transvaal?

Are we mere vulgar adventurers who urge a policy of brotherhood among the peoples when we want its fruits but know it not when we are asked to do its duties? If we preach brotherhood when we need brothers we must preach it when brothers need us—and practise what we preach!

As I should like to see America take the lead of the nations in going to the help of the oppressed and downtrodden, as the Dutch stood by us, I would like to see Chicago take the lead of America. In the spirit in which it could be truly said that the Dutch have taken Holland—taking it acre by acre from the

raging seas of the north and the almost bottomless morasses of the shore—and making it so taken the dovecot for all the persecuted and plundered ones of Europe, Israelite, English, French, Italian, what should Chicago do? The Dutch built their moral grandeur on their material achievements. "God made the sea," they said, "we made the land." If the Dutch of the old days of the dykes had Chicago with its limitless land, they would reverse their saying and make it read "God made the land, we made the sea." They would soon achieve for Chicago the glorious destiny possible to it of becoming the greatest seaport in the world. Our ship canal is the beginning, but it is only the beginning. Chicago and the United States must have free water communication for the largest vessels down the Mississippi, down the Hudson, across Michigan, down the St. Lawrence, and through Panama or Nicaragua to the Pacific, with foreign consent and co-operation or—without. Seated then with the greatest expanse of fertile soil in civilization stretching out around her, the metropolis of the most enterprising, freest, and most productive population on earth, all the seas and oceans putting

their arms around her, every coast hers and yet in her inland remoteness unapproachable by the most daring marauder, Chicago can if she but will, be the mistress of the world, and the motto of Chicago is "I Will." With the centre of commercial and political powers thus placed in the Mississippi valley and removed from the cowardice and foreign cravings and servilities of the seaboard, America could enter upon the mission to which suffering humanity and its inheritance call it from every quarter.

Nations like children keep at home only when they are very young. The day is coming when our overflowing growth will take us abroad, and upon our ideals it will depend whether we show the world a weary and vulgar repetition of the sand-bagging and pocket-picking crusades and conquests of all the empires that have preceded us, or whether we go forth as evangels bearing the tidings of great joy. The marauders of the past have gone forth to ravish pleasure and treasure. But in the productivities of the ten million unemployed and misemployed of Europe and America there is a possible booty a hundred fold greater than that Babylon

took from Jerusalem, and Rome from Africa and Asia, and Spain from Peru and Mexico, and England from India. In the disinherited all about us we can find gold placers richer than those of California.

There have been redeeming men, emancipating men; the cue is now given for an emancipating, a redeeming nation. It is probable, says Mazzini, that the next incarnation of the Messiah of mankind will be a collective Messiah. May those words be prophetic and may the prophecy be fulfilled in Chicago and our beloved America. We of Chicago and America are what we are because for us the great men and the great peoples did brave and new things never done before. Let us in our turn do deeds good and noble, deeds for others, of which those who come after us shall say this was first thought, first said, first done for the nations by the Americans, and because they did it we are freer, earth is gladder, and humanity more divine forever.

VI

FREE SPEECH AND ASSEMBLAGE[1]

A WRONG was done certain of our fellow citizens on the night of November 12th. To this a greater wrong has since been added. This new wrong widens its circles from them until it has come to include every member of the Commonwealth. This wrong has been every day repeated, and to-day is growing monstrous by accumulation. On that night, a number of workingmen were peaceably assembled, not only in their rights as citizens, but under the special protection of a charter granted by the State. Upon them without provocation, without warning, fell a hundred or more armed men. These attacked them

[1] Speech at the mass meeting of organized labor and citizens generally, held at Battery D, Second Regiment Armory, Chicago, Illinois, on Sunday, December 27, 1891, to protest against the attack made upon a regularly constituted and peaceable meeting of the Painters' Union at Greif's Hall, on November 12th, by a portion of the city police force.

with violence, battered in their doors, broke upon their order with disorder, their love of law with lawlessness, upon their peace with war. They destroyed their property, outraged their persons, threatened their lives, and robbed them of the right of assemblage. Everything that Magna Charta assured to the free men of six hundred years ago was taken from these free men of to-day. All that it says shall not be done was done. These "freemen" were "taken," and "imprisoned" —as long as the police held them—and "disseized" of their "liberties" and "free customs" and "outlawed" and "exiled"—for the man who can be dragged from an assemblage is an exile from the land of liberty—and "otherwise destroyed," "passed upon," and "condemned" without "lawful judgment" of their peers, and against "the law of the land."

That was the wrong done November 12th upon these men, workingmen, and as their every action showed then and since, gentlemen. Then you and I and all of us fell down. But a more dreadful thing has been done since, and is now being done, a wrong which makes this mass meeting one of the solemnest services that has been held in Chi-

cago on any Sunday of its existence. This meeting and the meetings which have preceded it, and the knocking of the people's committees at the doors of the Common Council, the Mayor's office, the Police Department, are all in fulfilment of the sternest duty a citizen can follow. The free men of this city hereby serve notice upon the government of something more than our protest against its violations of the law on November 12th.

We assemble in mass meeting to demand why it is that the greatest crime which can be committed goes unpunished? The immortal signers of the Declaration of Independence held so high the freedom and independence of America that they pledged to them, "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor." By as much as liberty is more than property, or even life, for only with liberty is man sure of property and life; by as much as the guilt of the traitor is greater than that of the open enemy, the betrayal of the law by those set apart as the special defenders of the law is the wickedest crime that can be done among a free people.

This meeting to-day is for law and order and against disorder and lawlessness. It is

an exhibition of loyalty to the ideas upon which civilized society and the American republic are built. It says to all the world that the people of Chicago love peace and righteousness and justice. It says they hate war and wrong, and the rule of riot. They hate riot whether it be the passing effervescence of a street tumult, or that most portentous of all forms of sedition—the revolutionary and traitorous use of lawless force by the servants of the people, betraying their sworn pledge to keep the peace and the law. The people have come here to-day to fly the American flag, in the faith as Lincoln said that right makes might, and in that faith to do our duty to the end as we understand it. They lift up the flag which the salaried standard bearers pulled down on the night of November 12th, and dishonored. We meet under its folds to bear witness to the good faith in which we have accepted its guarantees. This flag of America in the vanguard of the civilizations of all the centuries striving for brotherhood guarantees that the citizen need not fight for himself, because the city will fight for him. It guarantees that he may leave to the commonwealth the self-defence he

anciently secured by the old rights of private war. It guarantees that the law, civilization's substitute for the sword of vengeance, will maintain for every one, however humble, every right, large or small, against any invader whether he come from without with a crown upon his head, or from within with a star upon his breast.

These thousands of the people of Chicago here to-day call upon the Mayor, the Chief of Police, the Common Council, the Public Prosecutor, and the Grand Jury, to know why in open disregard of every guarantee upon which government and society reposes, no process of the law issues to discover or punish the guilty men? There can be but one conclusion. There are men in Chicago superior to Law and Order, and they are the very ones sworn and paid to defend Law and Order for their fellow citizens.

Our peace, prosperity, and honor crumble at the very corner-stones when the sacredest agreements of the social compact are thus broken by the government which has no right to exist except to maintain them. The crime of using the powers of the government to shield the authors of the crime is a greater

wrong than the original offence; every day this immunity is prolonged the wrong is repeated, and grows too heavy to be borne in silence by a people fit to be free. This it is which makes the occurrences of November 12th an issue more alive to-day than last month, and certain to fester into a deeper and more dangerous irritation the longer the law shows itself to be a respecter of persons, and no respecter of the rights of the people. On the night of November 12th the issue was: Are the rights of meeting to be respected? To-day to that issue is joined another as great. Are the violators of the law to be screened by the law? Society and government exist to prevent such wrongs; to give them immunity and load them with honors and promotions is to turn backward the processes of civilization and to untie the nation into a mob.

Upon the men whose sanctity of assembly was violated November 12th, whose doors were broken open without proper procedure or warrant, whose banners, books, papers, and charters from the State were destroyed, whose persons were abused and insulted, rests the sacred duty of defending their rights. Every citizen was wounded in the outrage,

and upon every citizen rests an equal duty to defend their rights in which all the rights of all are bound up. There were two ways in which to protect these citizens: one for the citizen, the other for the government, the embodied fellow citizen. The men attacked had the legal right to resist by force, even unto death, if need be, such unlawful trespass upon all that makes life worth living to the citizen of the Republic. They also have the right to collect damages through the civil courts. Not superseding the right of physical, instant, and sufficient defence by force, but enveloping, guarding, and promoting it was the larger right and duty of the Commonwealth, to exhaust all its powers to stop the depredation, and pursue and punish the wrongdoers, and thus give the guarantee of a civilized people, loving justice, that such things should be forever impossible. Upon the authorities, the government, rests the duty of setting in motion the criminal machinery of the law to redress the wrong done, not only to the few who were attacked, but to the whole body of the people. The very existence of a government is a pledge, that this will be done. The men who were attacked, on

the night of November 12th, might in view of previous experiences of assemblages of citizens in Chicago well have been apprehensive that their lives were in danger. But these men better than their assailants used no force. They did not attempt to exercise their legal rights of self-defence. They are not only nobler, but shrewder than that. They know they can make more friends and gain more ground by proving they have been wronged than by fighting and getting whipped.

They did not bear themselves with such gentle sufferance because they meant to submit to this wrong. They do not mean to submit, nor as this meeting shows, do their fellow citizens intend to submit. But they believe so thoroughly and devotedly in the justice and honor of their country and government that they feel themselves safe in waiving the terrible, though just, right of self-defence. They say to the administration of the public powers: We do not defend ourselves, because we expect you to defend us. That is what the word America means and we are Americans. Our whole structure of political liberties will be a confessed fraud and a sham if the government stands by, and lets such

offences be committed with impunity against its members. If the government refuses to protect its citizens it tells them to protect themselves. It sets back the spirit of the age hundreds of years, and compels its citizens to return again to private war and personal vengeance. If the community upholds the administration of the common powers in such an attitude it will demonstrate its utter unfitness to share the burdens and benefits of free government. No free people ever submitted to such things as were done in Chicago, November 12th, and remained free. "Free nations," said a great apostle of liberty. "Remember this, Liberty may be acquired, but it can never be recovered." We must with eternal vigilance maintain the rights won for us by Washington and the fathers. Our liberty has been acquired. If we once let go of the priceless boon it is gone forever. Liberty can be acquired, but it can never be recovered. The people who mean to hold their liberties must make their own the motto of the immortal lover of the people and their rights, Wendell Phillips, who said: "Justice, with peace if possible, but at any rate, justice."

The manhood of Chicago to-day shows at

its best in this contrast between the official riot done upon the people, and the pacific, loyal, trustful, American methods by which they who suffered so grievously seek redress. The proceedings of the injured men and their sympathizers show that they have risen above the rude remedy of their legal right of self-defence. They have made sacrifice of their property, even of their bodily rights, to satisfy the demands of our civilization in its moments of highest longing to realize the equal rights of the citizen, even more, to realize a humanity moved by peace and good will. The citizens who withhold their help and countenance from men bearing themselves with so pious a patriotism can only be forgiven because they know not what they do. The government that denies their prayer for the protection that will make practicable the life they seek to lead of non-resistance and of love of man for man assumes an awful responsibility.

But the enginery of justice is not idle. Its mighty wheels are grinding away over there on North Clark Street. The Grand Jury for this month has just brought forth an indictment. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph in his first message he loosed along the

wires, began, Attention, Universe! The December Grand Jury, august inquisitor in behalf of the people into all wrongs, injustice, and crime, impartial, fearing neither millionaires nor mob, is about to report, Attention, Universe! It is an indictment against what malefactor? Three workingmen, sailors on the lake. Their offence? They are union seamen. They conspired. What? Dreadful words—conspired to do what? Conspired to get all the sailors to join the union, to get better treatment and higher wages, and a chance to lead the life of sea men instead of sea dogs. The Public Prosecutor and the Grand Jury can find time and enthusiasm to use the power of the public to crush poor men and the union which is the only means by which to alleviate their hard lot, but they have no ear for the cry of justice that comes up to-day from every union in Chicago.

The conscience of the mass swings truer to the polar star of right than that of any class. The people have not been unsettled by the specious argument that the banners and other property destroyed have been paid for, and that consequently all has been done that need be done, and no one has any further

cause to complain. Only one bill has been paid—that for some properties destroyed. "Pretty good banners they must have been to cost so much," the official is said to have remarked who paid for them. They *were* good banners. The workingmen carry none but banners good and true. These banners were too good to be dragged in the dust under disloyal feet. This official will think better of them and their owners all the rest of his life for having been compelled to pay them this respect, incomplete though it is, and entirely unavailing as a fulfilment of 'the reparation which is still due the rights of the owners and is much more important than that due their pockets. That bill has been paid; but there is another bill that remains unliquidated. Here are some of the items, but where shall we find the arithmetic by which to compute the value?

Item: The Mayor, the Chief of Police, and the People of Chicago, DR.

To one Magna Charta torn in pieces.

To one Bill of Rights torn in pieces.

To one Constitution of the United States, and one Constitution of the State of Illinois, torn in pieces.

How much for that? How much money will mend these broken constitutions, and make good as new the shattered rights of man?

Item: DR.—To breach of the peace by the officers of the peace.

With how many "ducats" shall we measure the value of that?

Item: DR.—To one big anarchy drunk taken by the anarchy prohibitionists.

How much ought these total abstainers to pay for their spree?

This bill has not been settled. There is one way and only one this bill can be paid. Not by money; only by justice. And it must be paid.

This meeting is a heart-warming proof that there are still people in Chicago who think there are some things which can not be bought with money. England, says Ruskin, is a rotten mob of money begotten traitors. Chicago is not as bad as that, but there are people who think everything has its price—the kind of persons who in defiance not only of every dictate of decency and humanity, but in direct violation of the law, are glad to coin the little children of Chicago into profits to swell their bank accounts. This class think

it very unreasonable for the people when they are paid the value of the tangible property destroyed by government law-breakers, not to throw in to boot, such little things as their liberty and honor and the public safety. But there are things we say we cannot be paid for. Our liberties are the liberties of our country and of mankind, and these we will not put up to be shot at like dummy figures in a rifle gallery, at so much a shot. There was a time when every crime had its price, and even the murderer could go free by paying blood money. But even then men were not allowed to sell their country, and it is too late to begin now. Suppose no property had been destroyed; only rights. How would justice then have been met? Payment of money to the individuals aggrieved leaves the public the greatest victim of all, uncompensated for the breach in its walls. Do we allow burglars to go free upon paying for the locks they break? Satisfaction for the property injured is no satisfaction for the injuries to the citizenship wounded in its very soul. Such atonement could satisfy only the modern prophets of Moloch who are supplanting the Gospel of Christ by the newer —The Gospel of Wealth.

A great statesman is credited with having said of an act he disapproved. "It is worse than a crime. It is a blunder." For the crime committed in Chicago on November 12th the authorities appear to care nothing, but their blunder worries them. "We have made a mistake, we have kicked the wrong man" is understood to be their attitude in private. What right has a government to "kick" any one? "Mistakes" with "the wrong man" are the certain results of such a policy of lawlessness. The mistake made by subordinates November 12th in "kicking" a trade-union was only an incident, a fraction, of a greater mistake made by whoever at the head of affairs was responsible for what is called the "raid"—appropriately named out of the dictionary of war and invasion. The mother mistake the authorities made was not that they treated this particular meeting in the way they did, but that they should illegally and revolutionarily undertake to treat any meeting so. It is against the law. They know it to be against the law. They have no right to attack any meeting in this way. Their doing so in this instance was an act of armed insurrection against the peace of Illinois. No

man or body of men can be lawfully handled under our institutions as the government of this city treated its irresisting victims on that occasion. The laws the police must follow in dealing with meetings—public and private —are clear and unmistakable. They have been judicially interpreted, explained and enforced. They are as binding upon the police as upon other citizens—more so. They have been but recently adjudicated with ringing emphasis for the special instruction of the police violating them then as now. In the celebrated case of the Arbeiterbund against the Chief of the Chicago Police, the Senior Chancellor of our Courts, Judge M. F. Tuley, who will sit on the bench of immortality with Mansfield, and Eldon, Marshall and Story and Kent, defender of the people's rights, incorruptible by power or wealth, laid down the law of meeting in letters of gold. The Chief of Police deprived the members of the Arbeiterbund of their right to meet because he said they were anarchists. "In no city of the Union, in no part of any State or Territory of the United States, except here in the city of Chicago," thundered Judge Tuley,"have police officials attempted to prevent the right

of free speech or of peaceable assemblage upon such unwarranted pretences and assumptions of power. It is time to call a halt." "I am astounded," said the Judge, "to find that at this day, in this free country, it should be urged by affidavit and argument in a court of justice that a police official can forbid the meeting of a society or a public meeting because of his belief that the society is a treasonable one, and the members are about to commit treasonable acts." "Are there no limitations or restrictions," he pursued, "upon the exercise of these rights? The answer is: None by the will of the police." The counsel for the police had argued that all anarchists were criminals, and their assembly was therefore unlawful. But the Judge swept this aside in one sentence, pointing out that no judgment of outlawry has ever been pronounced by the courts against the anarchists.

Even anarchists cannot be outlawed, but the Mayor, and Chief of Police, and the city government did at their own sweet will outlaw this meeting of workingmen. They did upon this trade-union, chartered by the State, violations of right they cannot do under the law even upon anarchists. This was not a

treasonable society; it showed no treasonable intentions, uttered no treasonable words. They were men who work for their daily bread, meeting to discuss the affairs of an honest brotherhood. Anarchists are men who propose to abolish the government. On that occasion it was the city rulers, officers of the government, who abolished the government. "Enough appears," said Lyman J. Gage, a beloved citizen of Chicago, whose heart has grown greater and his love of justice stronger with every growth of honor and wealth, "to suggest the proposition that anarchy in the guise of law is not less objectionable than anarchy outside the law." The authorities cannot plead that they acted in good faith. There cannot be good faith when the law is wantonly, unnecessarily, rebelliously, and knowingly profaned by those entrusted with the sovereign duty of holding it sacred. The good faith of a trustee is to keep his trust. A public officer cannot break the law and keep the law. Free people in great emergencies sometimes take a dictator. But they never let the dictator take them, nor elect himself. The Americans would not submit to a self-elected dictator,

not even if he were as great and good as Washington.

The kick that came upon the wrong men should set them to thinking. "The community," says Wendell Phillips, "which dares not protect its humblest and most hated member in the free utterance of his opinions, no matter how false or hateful, is only a gang of slaves." Tyranny always follows the lines of least resistance. Encroachments upon rights of free speech and free assemblage which we have looked upon with indifference because they were for opinions which to us seemed false or hateful, we have suddenly found applied to ourselves. Here is repeated again for us the warning of which all the histories of liberty are but the record. The outposts of *our* rights are to be found in the maintenance of the rights of the least of our brethren. The more odious they, the more do we need to keep our lamp of vigilance trimmed and burning for their defence. It is through the weak gate of their uncared for liberty that the despot will steal upon us. Honest men look complacently upon rogues arrested without warrant or due process of law, to wake up some day to find the handcuffs of arbitrary

and illegal power slipping over their wrists. Power is ever stealing from the many to the few. Power is always grasping for more. No people with wit and virtue enough to be free will allow their government to play the desperado even under the pretext that it is dealing with desperadoes.

The workingmen have felt the sting of the "kick," of arbitrary and illegal interference with the right of meeting. It will not be an unadulterated evil if it shall waken their vigilance and widen their sympathies. In truth the collisions of one kind and another, strikes, riots, raids, which are now taking place in our streets, at the mines and factories, are but the tumults on the fringe of the greatest social question which has arisen in all the ages to challenge the wisdom of man and test his fitness to live—with his fellow—the labor question. Any fool of a revolutionist can throw a bomb; any fool of an officer can command an idea to disperse at the point of the bayonet, or call workingmen anarchists, and outrage them as he would have no right to outrage anarchists. But if this labor and capital debate now big on the horizon of all nations is to be argued out by

the fools on each side, a greater breakdown threatens our fair modern world than any which have made of all the civilizations before ours mere mounds of dust on the pathway of progress.

The revolution is upon us. Shall it be a French Revolution which God in His infinite mercy forbid, or shall it be an Anglo-Saxon revolution of peace, compromise, and progress? That will be a question of temper. Every noble voice that speaks to us across the civil flames and social wreckage of the past warns us not to repeat the fatal blunder of the bad temper with which faulty humanity has debated all its past differences. Once upon a time there was a union of workingmen, artificers in precious metals, who with toil and sacrifice found out how to make for themselves most magical rings. These rings were more beautiful than any kingly crown, and stronger than the will of a tyrant. They had but to turn the ring on their finger, and a mighty spirit appeared who would execute for them any command that was honest, kind, and pure. The very Gods looked down with admiration upon these rings, and rewarded the makers by decreeing that their descendants

should be born with the rings upon their fingers. Upon this gift of their ancestors and the Gods but one condition was laid. They must use the rings. If left disused they would lose their power. That union was the union of these United States, and its walking delegate was George Washington. The ring of citizenship is upon the finger of every American. With this ring you can break the rings of boodlers, rings of politicians, rings of money power, rings of monopoly. You must use it or lose it. If with this magic ring on your hand you drift into disaster it must be that you prefer it. When the world comes to Chicago to see the World's Fair let us show them, as our chiefest treasure, outshining the magnificence of palaces, a citizenship with which we vindicate our rights like freemen.

VII

THE SCHOLAR IN CONTEMPORARY PRACTICAL QUESTIONS[1]

IT takes great courage in a man of letters, says Emerson, to handle the contemporary practical questions. He is speaking of Carlyle's "Past and Present," whose "earthquake laughter" "shakes down Parliament House and Windsor Castle, Temple and Tower." But Emerson continues: "When the political aspects are so calamitous that the sympathies of the man overpower the habit of the poet a higher than literary inspiration may succor him." Ruskin is the avowed disciple of Carlyle. He is the literary man who has been more widely read than any other writer of this generation. He has for his real subject the contemporary practical

[1] Commencement address before the graduates of Iowa College, Grinnell, Iowa, June 12, 1895. Also given before the Twentieth Century Club, Boston, Massachusetts, October 23, 1895.

questions, the ethics of the common life, though he professes to be talking art. "I will put up with this state of things, passively, not an hour longer," he says, speaking of the social injustice about him and its results of social misery.

It was Ruskin who began the agitation about the slums of London. The political economists and statesmen laughed at Ruskin, but now the political economists are following him, and debating whether he is not the first of them all. The statesmen have had to go to Ruskin for the first suggestions of some of the greatest of their social reforms. The question among the critics is whether to rank him as England's first literary artist, or its first political economist, or its first practical reformer.

Emerson said that scholars and literary men are "lovers of liberty in old Greece and Rome and in the far away English Commonwealth, but they are lukewarm lovers of the liberty of America now, in 1854." Wendell Phillips's celebrated oration at Harvard in 1881, on the "Scholar in the Republic," was one long rebuke for the recreant scholarship of Cambridge, and a catalogue of the reforms of

forty years, in none of which had the scholarship of Cambridge done its part. But the Emerson who taxed scholars and literary men with indifference to liberty was the greatest literary man of his place or time—perhaps of modern times.

He opened his pulpit to an abolitionist, when to do it was to brave social and professional ruin, and he was the first American scholar of his generation to summon slavery to its doom at the bar of the educated public opinion of twenty-five centuries. When Phillips and Emerson reproached recreant scholarship, it was scholarship speaking to itself through these great sons of Harvard—the same Harvard where on Commencement Day, in 1743—thirty-three years before the Declaration of Independence—young Sam Adams, making his graduation speech, took for his theme, subject of the king though he was, and speaking in the presence of the king's representatives, that it is lawful to resist the king by force if the Commonwealth cannot otherwise be preserved. Luther railed at the timidity of Erasmus. But the ninety-five theses which Luther nailed to the church door at Wittenberg in 1517 were but a different

form of the attack which Erasmus had begun years before.

Erasmus, the greatest scholar of his day, was a pioneer in the courage which handled that contemporary practical question we now call the Reformation. His wit and learning breached the walls of scholastic and ecclesiastic conservatism. He ridiculed churchmen for thinking that the strength of the Church could lie in the weakness of its people. He insisted that the Church should be recalled from the Christian theologians to Christ, as Lowell has said four centuries later: "Christ has declared war on Christianity, and it must go." Erasmus translated the New Testament so as to bring its literal meaning, and the real personality of Christ, into the view of the people, for whom he insisted it was meant. He even got this New Testament into circulation among the bishops.

When the unspeakable Spaniard was forced to retire from Leyden, the Hollanders commemorated their escape from the tyrant by founding the University of Leyden. When the American colonists were at last free of the British, Hamilton, as almost his first work, organized the University of the State of New

York. When Napoleon conquered Prussia at Jena, its first statesman, Stein, founded the University of Berlin to teach the youth to recover their fatherland, which they have done. The Socialists of Belgium have established a university. The universities, even the most conservative, have always been the asylums and nurseries of learning, and learning breeds liberty as lions breed lions. Liberty of knowledge is the corner-stone and the roof-tree of all liberty. Scholarship and literature are always at the front of their times, marshalling to the defence of to-day their reserves of the picked experiences of all the yesterdays. But a czar thinks his universities are more for policemen than professors; the trusts of America are blacklisting instructors and text-books that are not for them. The tyrant, whether his name is Russia, Slavery, or Monopoly, always cries Silence! But there is no silence. An emperor of China once ordered, for personal reasons, that no more history should be written in his dominions. But the moment after he had uttered the decree he observed one of the scribes of his court busily writing. "I am chronicling the decree your Majesty

has just made," he said. And his Majesty gave it up.

When the Austrian conquered Italy, he forbade the discussion of all contemporary practical questions to the literary youth of Italy. Then the young Mazzini and his contemporaries spread the principles of political freedom by essays and arguments for literary freedom, its twin brother. They attacked the despotism of the king, under cover of repudiating the despotism of the established government of taste and criticism. They put up dummy monarchs of literature and fired at them weapons of thought which were winged for the monarch of the House of Hapsburg, who was their real game. This is the irrepressible spirit of culture. Scholarship has no function, no excuse for being, except to stand as the uncompromising utterer to its day of all revealed truth, and of all intimations of truth that may be revealed.

There have been cultivated men who skulked to the rear—"the scholar who defends monopoly," said Emerson, "is a traitor"—but the Dantes, Miltons, never drop their eyes. Against all private claims of any men to authority, tradition, and power, they set the

sovereign earthly source of authority, tradition, and power,—universal humanity. Never was this courage of scholars and literary men to deal with the social wrongs and social remedies so clear as in our times. The universal consciousness of the people tells them a crisis is at hand. The crisis which the people now see, our scholars, poets, literary men saw first, and faithfully have they been uttering to us their warnings, with a "higher than literary inspiration." Crises of society go in pairs, the crisis of thought and the crisis of action. Not side by side, but one before the other, driven tandem. First the crisis of Rousseau, then the crisis of Danton. The crisis of Garrison, then the crisis of Lincoln. First the crisis of Carlyle, Ruskin, Wordsworth, Victor Hugo, George Sand, Harriet Martineau, Shelley, Byron, George Eliot, Dickens, Mazzini, Millet, Wagner, Morris, Tennyson, Tolstoi, Henry George, Edward Bellamy, Whitman, Howells, Emerson, and Lowell; now to be the crisis of the martyrs, the saviours, the brothers, now born, but as yet unrevealed. The poet is the creator, and these poets, filling the break of day with their double notes of rebuke and inspiration, have been singing

into the heart of the nineteenth century a sweeter life for the twentieth century.

The revival of the mind of Europe in the fifteenth century is called the new learning. It came with the discovery of America, and the other new worlds, of printing, gunpowder, science. Another era of new learning is here. It has come as the other did. That new learning grew up into the new liberties into which you and I have had the felicity to be born. The burden of the pessimist, "we have fallen upon evil times," is false. It was never true in any time. There have never been any dark ages. There are no extinct nations. No civilization has ever been lost. All that has lived, lives, somewhere, somehow. The moral and historic energies are as immortal as the physical. The old new learning of the fifteenth century was a classical revival; our new new learning is an ethical renaissance. Its note is clear, demanding that all our activities, political, social, industrial, march forward under the standards of the further emancipation of all for the service of all. Erasmus sought by his translation of the New Testament to bring the real Christ into the view of the people.

We are coming to a new revival of religion. It is an ethical renaissance and insists that the divine ideals, preached for thousands of years by the priests of humanity, be now put into action, here, now, and practically in farm and mine, stock-market, factory, and bank. It denies point blank that business is business. It declares business to be business and politics and religion. Business is the stewardship of the Commissary Department of Mankind, the administration of the resources upon which rest the possibilities of the human life—which is the divine life. It says business is not business but a divine service and a service carried on not for the benefit of the priest, but of the whole congregation of humanity, including, of course, the priest if he behaves himself.

Our new revival will give us morals in law, morals in politics, morals in society. It was ethics which found it to be wrong that the people should be ruled in government without their consent. The reform was called politics, but it was morals—morals in that field. It was morals which is declaring that business, property, capital, are also government, and are not valid without the consent of the people

governed by them. It was morals which found that it was wrong for the employer to buy and sell, to flog, to divorce, to outrage the workingmen and workingwomen. "I am not in politics," said Charles Sumner, "I am in morals." It is morals which is pointing out that it is as wrong to treat labor as a commodity, as it was to treat the laborer so. What we call the labor movement is ethics, the "morals" that Sumner was advancing to its next great historic task. "Sympathetic Banking" was the cynical title of an article some years ago in one of our magazines. Our new religion will not tolerate any banking, any dollar, any contract, any law, any Supreme Court decision that is not sympathetic.

The fact of modern life most pregnant with new moral births is that it has put all the peoples into one place, and is making one people of all the peoples, and one place of all places. The true conservative is he who teaches that this crowd can endure each other's elbows only so long as the touch is sympathetic. The close touch of the factory, of the telegraph, the clearing house, the Oriental express, the international money market, is the beginning of a merger which will go far

beyond the material aims for which it was begun. There are two Europas—one east of the Atlantic, one west of the Atlantic. One there, one here. In both the same races and creeds. In one, German, Italian, French, English, Austrian, Russian, segregated in armed camps, looking at each other over the frontiers with murder in their eyes. Here, in the other Europe, the same Germans, Italians, French, English, Hungarians, etc., fuse into one citizenship. America is Europe, but Europe disarmed and fraternalized, because America has furnished the opportunity of contact by which the human could rise above the tribal.

Passed out of the fever, the righteous fever of the Abolitionist, we can see, as Ingram points out that slavery was an advance, economic and moral, over the precedent slaughter of the conquered, and an intermediate stage necessary to bridge us over. The masses have now reached the level in which the form of their consent is necessary for the validity of their claims upon their citizenship, industry, family life—except as to women in government. They are still subjects, not citizens; conscripts, not volunteers; ruled by

force, not by consent. But the lover proposes, he does not capture; kings become elective; the slave owner becomes employer.

Picture the evils of the subjection of women, of the factory, the sweat-shop, the blacklist and lockout, of bossism, monopoly, as vividly as you can. A greater truth is that to have reached a condition in which these are felt is an inestimable step up. It was necessary in the logical order of evolution first to win recognition of the right to make contracts between ruler and ruled, husband and wife, ex-master and ex-slave, buyer and seller. Now comes the next step, that in which the seeming shall be made substance; in which the appearance of consent shall be made a real consent, and the contract shall become really and truly a free contract. There can be no free contract where there is not free consent. There can be no free consent where the parties are not free. A contract under duress —physical or economic—is void, a contract to do an immoral thing is void; a contract is void, the results of which are contrary to public policy. The contract of the people in government, in trade, in industry, in family life, has yet to reach this level of the free

contract. In the mass and in the general, we have attained only to the conception of the contract, not to its realization. The region of the free contract is the region of the free individual. We have got our feet only upon its lower levels. But to have striven upward so far is a great emancipation.

The miseries we suffer in this new resting place are spurs to push us on up to the achievement of that which does not yet exist in human relations, economic, political, or domestic, the free contract. The vested rights of our holders of charters and franchises have also made this step up. They have placed themselves on the law of contract. A franchise is no longer the grant of the king revocable at the pleasure of the same royal grace that gave it. A franchise is a contract. There could be no better law for the people. If franchises are contracts they must be held sacred by both parties, not by the people alone. The charter must be used for the purpose for which it was given; its obligations to serve the public must be faithfully fulfilled. The law will modify or annul contracts that have not been properly made or are not being properly performed. The law has the power

to forfeit charters, grants, for failure to perform the purpose for which they were given. This is forfeiture for non-user. The law has the power to forfeit for the improper use. This is forfeiture for misuser. One of the most eminent lawyers of Chicago, one who continually practises before the United States Supreme Court for some of our greatest concerns with vested right, admits in private that he believes that nine tenths of the charters of America could be forfeited for the wrongs of non-user and misuser which they are daily committing against the public. The law of contracts can be made "crowners quest" law for those claimants of rights who do not live up to duties. For such when the real law of the contract is enforced there will be nothing left but an inquest.

Rousseau pretended that he had discovered the social contract by which society had been established. It was one of those divine fictions by which the lovers of mankind in all ages have lifted up the people to take a step by making them believe they had already taken it. "We demand," said in the same spirit, Henry Martin, the wise wit of the Puritan

Commonwealth, "that the government restore to us the rights we ought to have had." Society has not made the social contract. It is only making it every day, clause by clause, annulling, remaking, struggling up to achieve a social order which shall rest on the free consent of the free man—and woman. Part of the social contract has been made, and this part is in writing in our constitutions, declarations of independence, and bills of rights; it is that the governments we have established are for the general welfare, that the rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness shall be inalienable, that the powers given to the governments by all are for the benefit of all. Streets exist under this contract by the sacrifice of all for the benefit of all. The power of eminent domain—the power by which our government can take from any of us our property with compensation though without consent—is given under the social contract by all the people for all the people.

William Lloyd Garrison once said the Abolitionists were the only true friends the slaveholder had. They proposed that the slaves be freed by paying their owners. But who is

the owner? Emerson sang, in his Boston hymn:

> Pay ransom to the owner
> And fill the bag to the brim.
> Who is the owner? The slave is owner,
> And ever was. Pay him.

The South laughed at compensated emancipation and tore every compromise in two. The English owners of slaves in the West Indies accepted the offer of compensation, and the money came in as the slaves went out. The owners of turnpikes, telegraphs, street railways, railroads, in a dozen foreign countries have allowed the people to regain by purchase control of public powers and rights, the public has come to see should never be alienated from its hands. But we have a class, perhaps as small and perhaps as powerful as the minority of two hundred thousand large slave-owners who swung the South, which raises the cry of confiscation, and seeks to prevent even the academic and scientific discussion of these questions in our schools and colleges. "Your position is obnoxious to us," said the representative of a great trust to a well known professor in one of our well known colleges, who

was advocating municipalization, "and we shall down you." In two years the professor was downed. One of this class in Chicago, president of a powerful organization of employers in conversation with a committee asking that their opposition to certain legislation for the protection of the workingwomen be withdrawn, said of the men, women, and children employed by him and his associates: "They are our subjects." Our crisis has no feature more distinct than this. Prohibition of truck stores, restriction of hours, arbitration, protection of women and children, inheritance taxes, weekly payment laws, railroad commissions, interstate commerce laws and commissions, anti-trust laws, currency rehabilitation laws, taxation of the surplus of the rich to relieve taxation of the deficit of the poor,—all these they seek to nullify. To-day, after thirty years of debate, petitioning, electioneering, prosecuting, legislating, by the workingmen and farmers—the people,—there stands efficient for the purpose intended, hardly a single one of the legal, constitutional, and peaceful bulwarks the people have sought to erect. The people have proposed only palliatives. Like Garrison and Lincoln they

offer to pay for whatever they desire to retake, as the towns of feudal Europe released themselves from their servitude by purchase from their lords who were always in want of money; sometimes to go to the Holy Land; sometimes to go to the devil. This is ground on which all good citizens ought to be able to meet for a comparison of views and for that resultant compromise in action by which every crisis is ended. The public of yesterday alienated public powers believing that this was for the public good. If the public of to-day adopts a different philosophy and holds such alienation contrary to the social contract and inconsistent with public welfare, it has no right to throw the cost of the change on those who by its teachings and invitation have become the beneficiaries of the policy now condemned. It is no more than a decent brotherliness that they should be made whole. This was the spirit of the compensative emancipation of Garrison. Those who now advocate that the public be re-invested with the rights it has vested in private hands, propose in this spirit to buy back the rights of the people to use their own powers in supplying themselves. The demand for im-

mediate emancipation was the reaction which followed the refusal of the offer of compensated emancipation. The irreconcilable attitude which cries, Confiscation, at state and municipal purchase and seeks to nullify the compromises of social legislation, has already begun to provoke an opposition strangely parallel to that of those who demanded "Immediate Emancipation" when compensated emancipation was refused.

The legislatures, common councils, executives, this argument runs, are trustees of the inalienable rights of the people. Can they alienate the inalienable? Can any charter, grant, permit by these trustees, give a valid title to that which alienates the inalienable by taking from the people life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness as the creation of monopolies does? What else is it but the alienation of the inalienable when this sovereign power of taking the land of the citizen without his consent, by force if need be, is delegated by the government to small groups of citizens to enable them to take rights of way, and make vast hereditary estates out of the substance of the people? The government, they say, has the same right to give to a private group of

citizens the street that belongs to all the citizens, that it would have to make a present of the house on the same street that belongs to one citizen. It makes the wrong not less but more that what they give away is the property of all instead of one. Government is given its power for the common welfare. That use of this power which offers the common welfare as a gift to the few is no government, protest these radicals, as the extreme Abolitionists argued that the government was a covenant with death and a league with hell. They ask, Are the contracts the people make perforce, with those who can deny them place to work in, tools to work with, room to stand on, room to breathe in, good contracts? And if they are not good contracts, whose is the wealth which the man on top has forced out of the man below? Who is the owner? The British landlord has been making such contracts with his Irish and Scotch tenants, and the British Parliament has stepped in, and said these contracts are not good contracts. And they have broken them and made new ones in their place.

"A happy life," says George Eliot, "means prudent compromise." This is as true of

government as of matrimony. An irreconcilable attitude on one side will infallibly produce an irreconcilable attitude on the other. "Every virtue," says Aristotle, "is a mean between two extremes both of which are vices." The fools of power produce the fools of revolution. The class policy that treats as dishonest and seditious every proposal for reform, and, when reform is legislated in spite of it, nullifies it as the Interstate Commerce law has been nullified, will infallibly raise even more troublesome problems for itself. It is this irreconcilability which has provoked the questions we hear being discussed: Whether the grants of the powers and property of the public to a few for private benefit, under pretence of public benefit, are void; Whether contracts made under economic duress are any less void than contracts made under physical duress; Whether the forced prices the people pay to rings for the means of life are void; Whether the wealth thus got is void; Whether the laws are void that are purchased by campaign contributions.

The New York delegation to the National Democratic Convention in Charleston in 1860, at which General Butler voted fifty-six times

for Jefferson Davis for President, took with it the finest military band of the city of New York. Leaving the train in Charleston late at night to march to the hotel, at the signal of the drum-major the drummers began to beat the roll. Instantly the quiet of the town turned into pandemonium. Church bells rang, citizens rushed up with guns, the blacks scampered to their holes. The New York band-master did not know that in Charleston after ten o'clock at night the drum-beat, from time out of mind, was the agreed signal to call the people to arms because the blacks had risen in insurrection. Charleston went to sleep in perpetual dread of servile insurrection, and it never came nearer than this false alarm innocently given by their friends of Tammany. After the war near the same Charleston, William Lloyd Garrison, Henry Ward Beecher, Henry Wilson, and other Northerners who had gone to take part in raising the flag again on Fort Sumter, met a gathering of some thousands of the emancipated slaves. "Three cheers for freedom," cried Garrison swinging his hat. The thousands of blacks stood voiceless and motionless. The Northerners—at first mystified,—the truth broke on them.

These blacks did not know how to cheer. When the Southerner was released by his friend the Northerner from this hell of terror of slave insurrection and of life by the side of a majority that did not know how to cheer, the white received a greater emancipation than the black.

The scholar who wishes to put scholarship to its highest use which is to bring all past life to bear on present life, can find no nobler task than to seek the social solution which will set free the twentieth century from the prevailing panic and fear of servile insurrection, and Reign of Terror in which the nineteenth century has lived. Panic of the thrifty lest their bonds and mortgages be not paid. Wall Street panic lest next Friday be another Black Friday, the Bank of England will fail, and they go to the poorhouse! Conservative panic lest the French Revolution become a universal revolution and there be as Carlyle prophesied "twenty French Revolutions, as many as are needed." Police panic at every recurrent anniversary of the fateful years 1789, 1793, of the Place de la Concorde, lest those dates awaken centennial echoes in New York or Paris or London in 1889, 1893. Employers'

panic which mobilizes the military in the arsenals from San Francisco to Vienna, when the people walk the streets in Labor Day processions. Over-population panic lest we shall have too many sons and daughters, and lest too many brothers be born to us. Over-production panic lest too much wheat be grown, too many hats and shoes be made. Landlord panic lest too many hungry and shoeless forget to keep off our grass. Panic of the poor lest their children be sent to school instead of the factory. Panic of the rich who do not dare open their postal packets for fear of explosives or poison; panic that sees dynamite in every tin can or stranger's valise. Panic of the four hundred that guards with detectives the front doors of the houses of the great Captains of Industry, by day and night; panic that surrounds the fashionable ball in New York with a swarm of police and detectives.

In the theatre of real life of nature, the play of sunshine and plenty and progress and love holds the stage, but this audience of civilization in its theatre hears only the perpetual cry of Fire! Fire! It has eyes only for the exits. Its panic-stricken members spend

their life climbing over each other in frenzy; humanity, everything forgotten in order to evolve the fittest who survive. And this we call getting rich! Success in life! Unhappiest of all slavery, slaves to ourselves. When will our Wilberforce, our Garrison, our Lincoln come to set us free?

The new learning, which is following the discoveries of hundreds of Americas by our Columbuses of science and art, will consummate itself in the perfecting of the liberties already won, and the creating of those of which the people are dreaming. "The dreams that nations dream come true," says Lowell. "To be as good as our fathers were we must be better," says Wendell Phillips. "We can preserve the liberties we have inherited only by winning new ones to bequeath," another has said. The contracts of the voter, the buyer and seller, the laborer, the lover, shall be made free, and the free individual will crown his individuality by uniting with his equals in countless forms of association—the state the most beneficent of all, and the most voluntary, getting its only authority from "the consent of the governed." It is into this we have had the felicity to be born—the liberty to win these

new liberties. In winning this new freedom we will perfect the former ones. As the Republic consummates liberty of conscience by abolishing the state church, the Commonwealth will make the Republic complete by abolishing the economic entails, primogeniture, privileges, monopolies, and rule of force and fraud in the distribution of the common product. The people cannot be politically equal with those upon whom they are economically dependent. A single privilege like a single leak will founder the ship.

Of all the crimes committed in the name of liberty none is greater than that of the misuse of the word itself—and of equality. Liberty—the right to growth not of ourselves but of all, for we are cut short by any shortage in another; equality—our duty to give to others all that we hope or ask from them. "Democracy," says Lowell, "does not mean that I am as good as you are, but that you are as good as I." On these definitions hang all the law and prophets of freedom. For us, the struggle for present freedoms to think, to utter, to pray, to travel, to bargain, to vote and for countless minor ameliorations and humanenesses, as in the hospital, the schoolroom, etc.,

have been won by our predecessors, and won to last. Many times in history it has seemed as if the Republic was as completely lost as the lost book of Aristotle on Republics, which contained the obituary of one hundred and fifty of them. But through the Achaian League, Rome, Italy, Switzerland, the Netherlands, the English Commonwealth, the United States, the purpose of men to unite and to be free has run its line, disappearing but never broken in the consciousness of humanity, each reappearance marking some lesson learned from the previous catastrophe. Like Frederick the Great, mankind has learned more from its defeats than from its victories. As George III. was the best friend the American colonists had, the greatest benefactors of our time are the overbearing freebooting men who are finding out the weak hinges in the doors of our court rooms, counting houses, and legislative halls. They from behind are helping us along the same path which in front the noblest ideals call us to walk,—the path which will lead to that Commonwealth where the people have the will and wit to live the life together, and where the will and wit have fitted them-

selves with the institutions that make that life possible.

To have the Republic, free men were not enough; it was necessary to learn through much tribulation, by just what devices of centralization, decentralization, compromises, checks, and balances, the free men could co-operate in fact as fellow citizens. For the Commonwealth which all history incites, and the expressed and conscious hope of which has not been silent in literature, sacred or secular for twenty-five hundred years and more, we must have the regenerated individual we hear so much of; but, not less, this individual when he comes must have the Commonwealth. Those reactionaries who seek to derail every plan for the better organization of society by interposing their demand that we shall remake the individual are, after all, also allies of the movement they would defeat. The more they develop the individual the more will he seek in association the development the individual alone cannot achieve.

"The death-blow of error," says Mazzini, "will come from some idea that shines with the light of truth, not from the hammer of restrictive laws. All the regulations and curbs you

may invent will not be worth as much as one school of thought." "A constitutional opposition, or a labor movement, unless it is based on some inspiring belief never leads to any permanent result." This idea that shines with the light of truth for our crisis, this inspiring principle which is to lead us to victory and liberty, has been clearly forming in the minds of the great thinkers and lovers who are marching just ahead of you and me. It is called the gospel of social sympathy. But its other name is social self-interest. The two lines have but to be projected far enough to meet. So near is the message to its times that it is being delivered in tons to the people every day by the printing presses of all countries. Luther knew what he was about when he threw an ink bottle at the devil. This message of the gospel of social sympathy, of the gospel of social self-interest, is not new. There is nothing new. The first evolutionist was Solomon who said there was nothing new under the sun. He saw that all the new arrivals were the children of the old. All the new things, old things lengthened and widened. "All great masters," says Emerson, "are chiefly distinguished by the power of adding

a second, a third, and perhaps a fourth step in a continuous line."

Nothing is more logic than the logic of events. First, the liberty to think and speak—religious freedom; second, the liberty to contract, including the right to vote, political freedom, which logically includes industrial freedom; and now another freedom to which these are but introductory, freedom to serve and to be served with every one of the faculties of yourself, your fellows, and nature. What is the name of our new liberty? Only more liberty. The next step to liberty is more liberty. The name of our new truth is more truth, of our new sympathy, more sympathy, of our new self-interest, more self-interest. But this old gospel of social sympathy is evolving to a new manifestation. It is obeying the law that the genius of to-day is he who pushes one step farther the work of the genius who went before. This is why there have never been any better times than these. The panics, reactions, oppressions, selfishnesses, pessimisms, degenerations, which tempt us to spend our energies in denunciation and mere opposition are but subordinate facts. The sun pours its energy through all space, but

its rays are invisible until some interposing world breaks their flow, and by that act of arrest the star also becomes visible bathed in the sunshine. Our pauperisms, vulgarities of avarice, reigns of terror are revealed because they interrupt the light of the love of man for man which radiates through society. These cold worlds of evil begin a new life by the help of the light and heat they intercept. Our Sinai, from which descends the new tables of the law of the coming dispensation, has its thunder and lightning faces in the wrath of the people, who are the law-giver. But the thunder and lightning and the mountain and the people are all the work of the sun, and its greatest fact is not the local shadow but the omnipresent light.

Faith, not a new faith, but the old faith with new objects and new aspirations, is shaping itself in all minds. The old sympathy that heard the call of the old forms of suffering and abolished them becomes the new sympathy that has ears for the suffering of the poor who are the dispossessed of our day. There is a new self-consciousness, the consciousness of that grand self of selves, the nation—the people, of civilization, the inter-

nation. There is a new sense of right and wrong, the new conscience which is attacking as our worst infidelity the disbelief of the people in themselves and their own creative power, and as our worst atheism that which says that Christianity, God, religion, sympathy have not supreme jurisdiction in business, as everywhere else.

There is a new political economy, which looks first "to the care and culture of men" instead of money. There is a new struggle for life, the life of others. There is a new science which finds man in the same womb with the fish, the dog, the serpent, the bird, and traces his lineage back to brotherhood with the humblest life on the planet. There is a new self-interest of the individual who puts his family before himself, his country before his family, mankind before his country, because there is filtering into his consciousness the vast fact that his share of what is done for him by mankind is of far more value to him, than what he does for himself. There is a new self-interest of the community which is going into the slums, factories, mines, sewers, to make all safe by making its weakest safe. There is a new state which feeds the hungry,

heals the sick, and visits those in prison, and gathers up the children. There is a new religion—a religion of progress, and of man as a creator of that progress; creating new ideas, new species of plants and animals; new men and new society. Mankind prays to the "all-perfect father," but as it utters the words the indomitable within whispers that if God should stop at perfection man would pass Him by.

We talk of some coming reconstruction of society. But it is now going on. While we dream of Utopia, Altruria is organizing under our hands. "There must be a change some day," every one says. The change is to-day. The shame Christendom feels for its cities is the active side of the new ideals of social self-interest and social sympathy which are generated by the electrical contact of the multitudes concentrated by modern civilization. "I would like to destroy a large part of Edinburgh, and the whole of New York," Ruskin says in an ecstasy of indignation, but the people, practical, peace-loving, logical, do not wish to destroy but to create. The new life stirring in the cities of the world is the emergence into action of the highest social

ideal at the points of greatest social pressure. In making the rounds with a visitor of the hundreds of tennis, cricket, football, and play grounds which the London County Council has created for the young people of London, John Burns said: "The battle of Waterloo, according to Wellington, was won on the cricket fields of Eton; the victories of England's future will be won in these parks of the people." The civic splendors of the cities of antiquity like Athens shine in history as if chronicled in letters of gold. If their low ideals of social life could embody themselves in such glory, what may we not hope for from the movement now under way, under our ideals, in the great cities of Europe, America, and even Asia? "The battle of Marathon was fought by slaves unchained from their masters' door-posts." And after the battle was won for the masters, they led the slaves back to the door-posts. But the modern city is entering upon a new era which will have it that all shall be free—free of disease, dirt, pauperism, ignorance, hunger, and fear. If we are to have the poor always with us the modern city is resolved that they shall not be paupers, as a previous age would not let the poor remain serfs, and the age

before that relieved the poor of slavery, and the age before said the poor captive should not be slaughtered. When a poor child falls sick of scarlet fever, or some other contagious disease, the city takes it up in its great arms, and takes up with it the whole family if need be, puts them in sunny rooms in its contagious hospital. All the resources of science, all the instrumentalities of organized social sympathy and self-interest, doctors, nurses, medicines, are about the bedside of the child. There among the flowers, trees, and waters of a beautiful park the modern battle of Marathon is fought, not by slaves for their masters but by all for all. When the victory is won, these guests of the city go regretfully away, actually sorry to leave a pest-house.

The richest property owner in the city is the city itself, with its parks, schools, streets, waterworks, libraries. The greatest corporation in the city of Chicago is the municipality of Chicago, every voter and taxpayer a stockholder. What are the manners and morals of these political persons? Bad enough from the point of view of the abuses which have grown like barnacles on the timbers of government. But beneath all the evil that

challenges the reformers, there is in the inner spirit and deed of our modern cities the well developed beginning of a life following and nearing the ideals incarnated in Buddha, Christ, and all our great Messiahs. One day I saw a man fall in the streets of Chicago overcome by the heat. An officer paid by the city to watch for just such mishaps to his brother man gave the alarm to the nearest police station through a street corner telephone provided for that purpose. In a few minutes we heard the ambulance wagon coming as fast as horses could run. Four policemen lifted the sufferer upon a stretcher; in another moment they were gone to put him under the care of the physician kept by the city to heal the sick. There was no question whether he was a Chicagoan, whether he was an American, whether he was voter, whether he was taxpayer, whether he was orthodox. Though poor, a stranger, perhaps even a criminal, Chicago put out its hand to save him. Here is he that is chief as he that doth serve. This is the message of religion; the churches preach it, the cities practise it. London puts a stop to the sweating of the men and women who do work for the city,

and insists that no one shall get less than the minimum wage which has been found by the union of that trade to be necessary for subsistence—the Living Wage. In this the city fulfils the parable of the living wage in the story of the lord who paid them who came in at the eleventh hour as much as those who went in at the first hour. Birmingham buys out the slums and builds human homes for the poor. Glasgow builds laundries for its washerwomen, where in co-operation, through the medium of the municipality, they can do in a few hours and for a few cents what would cost, if done individually, many times as much. Through the instrumentality of the city government the people of the city of New York are providing themselves with the best underground rapid transit in the world, ultimately to be operated as well as owned by the city, all helping, though many, like the absentee taxpayer, may never ride. When Glasgow and Leeds took municipal possession of their street railways, they raised the wages of the men and reduced fares. These public bodies took cognizance of the public good, and established the equalization of welfare in place of the concentration of wealth, power,

and luxury. Under the higher ideals which the community obeys, by the mere fact of being a community, the street car business ceases to be business and becomes an experiment in applied religion. Last of all, the reports show that in doing this, these cities have made a profit. The parallel lines of social self-interest and social sympathy have met.

The people in the cities taxing themselves through the post-office to give the backwoods mail service; the rich and childless through the city government taxing themselves to educate the children of the people, are selling at least part of all they have and giving it to the poor. These are the fruits of our high individualism, and will produce a still higher individualism which can unite all for more good works.

Modern life has brought us together in multitudes, and out of the pressure issue forms of co-operation, mutual help and defence and mutual wealth making a commonwealth —unknown before. A new spirit is abroad, and these new forms manifest it. All these co-operative activities, from hospitals to electric lighting, from the post-office to the govern-

ment life-insurance of New Zealand, are the putting into practice of the doctrines preached since time began by humanity's great souls. In these our sayings: "United we stand," "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you," "The common welfare," "Love thy neighbor as thyself," "We are all members of one another," are put into action, institutionalized, made realities of common life as they were meant to be. The prophets of the old order came to the people with the exhortation that they ought to live by the Golden Rule, and the people said in despair, we cannot. The prophets of the new order come with the information that in their common life they have already begun to live by the Golden Rule. These movements to be understood must be interpreted as what they are, translations of the Golden Rule and Declaration of Independence into political and social performance. The salient fact of modern life is the gathering momentum of this movement. Men are in the street making campaign speeches for municipal elections from bible texts, demanding that Boston, Chicago, New York, London, be each built as a city that is at unity with itself, no longer

to be left divided into warring camps of misery and magnificence.

This is what Aristotle meant when he said twenty-five hundred years ago, that a city was an association of equals for the pursuit of happiness and that happiness was the perfect practice of virtuous energies. This teaching of Aristotle is at one and the same time religion, politics, and political economy. We call for the co-operative commonwealth as if it were something altogether in the future. A large part of the commonwealth is here, and so far as it is commonwealth it is Christian. The separation of church and state is the separation of false impersonations of each. So far as they are true church and true state the two have always been and will be one. The message of our times has been preached too much as a gospel of sacrifice and surrender. It has another name, self-gratification, obedience to the solicitation of the higher self. John Adams and his fellow colonists sacrificed their appetite for tea, but they satisfied the higher appetite to be free. We are not called upon to sacrifice self in the new State and the new Church. Our stewardship of our own forces,

talents, is sacred both to ourselves and for others.

In this first month of the waving summer the first harvest of the year is gathered—the harvest of the graduates, our choicest fruit, quadrennial. It should be the first in time, for it is the harvest on which all others depend. Without this crop of baccalaureates the other crops would shrink back into nothingness. This hour of consummation, almost too happy and excited to wait for any words but those which confer the prize, witnesses your initiation into the order of educated men and women. "Here is your America," said Goethe to the young German who wished to emigrate to the world of new opportunities. Here is your America—a hundred Americas in our new wealth, and the new learning following with it, and the new liberties that will follow the new learning.

To take part in human affairs at a time when these principles of the new social self-interest and the new social sympathy—so new, so old—are pressing upward for incarnation with unprecedented energy is our happy destiny. These are the best times that have ever been. The greatest debate in history is

on, every one has the right to the floor in his turn, and the right to vote in the decision,—except the women—which we the people did not have in the great debates of the year of Christ I., the year 1520 of Luther, the year 1640 of Cromwell, the year 1776 of Washington. The questions before the house are in advance of any presented before, and looking back with a view long enough to cover the ascent of man from the creature of the mud to ourselves, we know the answers will be in the affirmative.

The people have grasped, never to lose it, the grand doctrine of progress. That which at the time of the French Revolution seemed a vague sentimentality, something man hoped for, the science of a hundred years since has been building up into an impregnably demonstrated truth. Our generation, more than any generation before it, has had light and leading from literary men and scholars with a "higher than literary inspiration" from Tolstoi in Russia to Emerson in America. That light illuminating the glories of the past human brotherhoods of church, family, city, and fatherland, reveals that the principles of these brotherhoods are universal, eternal, and leads

us to the special task of our time to fraternalize the as yet unfraternalized assemblages of modern business and industry.

There is work to do; it is work in line with all the noble achievements of the past, all the great hopes of the future. We will not be so unfortunate as not to have opposition, but "we will acquire the strength we overcome." We will have to encounter storms, cold and doubt. Progress is a glacier. Its head is up in the mountains among the tempests and fed by eternal snow and ice. The closer we stand to it the less we can see it advance. But it moves, and that which is begun above by the hurricane, cloud-burst, and frost, spends itself below in the brooks and violets, the ripening grain and rainbows of the happy valley.

VIII

IS PERSONAL DEVELOPMENT THE BEST SOCIAL POLICY ?[1]

THE Chinese have a fable of a country where all the people go about on one leg; there are many such countries—people who travel on one idea like individualism or socialism. Personal development is the best social policy if it is the best personal development. One cannot be a Christian alone, it has been said; some find it too hard no matter how much company they have. One cannot be anything alone. We are individuals, persons, only so far as we have achieved union with others. Each one of us is an individual in the exact degree that he has relations outside of himself. We increase as we add tie to tie as mother, father, brother, sister, lover, citizen, buyer, seller, partner, member of the

[1] Read before the Browning Society, Boston, Mass., February 25, 1902.

Browning Society. It is our relations to others that give us that which we call personality. Without all these we could be nothing, as in the legend those human beings whom a cruel experiment has brought up in silence and isolation are said to mature into gibbering idiots. Nothing is so fatuous as a scheme of personal development which places itself above social policy, nothing so unintellectual, nothing so vulgar. Avarice is the essence of vulgarity, says Emerson, and this is the essence of avarice. The leader gets as well as gives. As numerous as the silent poets whom Wordsworth sang are the single leaders who had everything needed for leadership except followers.

"There is nothing so elegant," said Emerson again, "as waiting upon oneself"; except he might have added, as waiting upon others. The proudest crown in the world pays to this the deference of profession at least when it says: *Ich dien*—I serve—even though the practice reminds one of the remark that might have been made by Wing Fu, that the Chinese would not have given so much trouble about accepting Christianity if they had only understood how easy it was to profess it without

practising it. The moment we begin to separate ourselves in our wealth or culture from the social policy which would give the opportunity of similar development to all, we begin to weaken ourselves. The next to the highest achievement we can have is to realize our utmost possible, but the highest is to join the effort to realize this for all—including of course, ourselves.

The cultured, the well-bred, the classes, ever tend to become anæmic from their too close intermarriage of ties, ideas, hospitalities, admirations, and habits. The great fountain of replenishment of art, literature, politics, manners, has always been and always will be, the people. "Mankind," says Browning, "is made up of all the single men." When Dante and Luther carry their literature down into the vernacular, they rise into immortality. It is in the undischarged energy, in the unsophisticated eyes of the people, not passed beyond the powers of loving, honoring, and obeying, that the stream of culture rises new for each new age. There is an Antæus in every one of us and in the whole of us, which needs the earth. A grandmother was spreading before the vision of a beloved child a picture of

the beauties of heaven with its gates of pearl and its pavements of gold. "What," said the scornful boy, uncaptivated, "no mud"? There spoke the real philosopher. We are earth-animals, and we need contact with all the aspects of nature, human nature, and other nature. They who feed wholly on white bread and the tenderloin and the sweetness and light of the best people, and art for art's sake, cannot get phosphates enough and soon develop the rickets. The man I heard say he liked to eat with the common people once in a while; the woman you heard say that she thought it was her duty to associate with the middle class, confess the approach of extinction. They are losing touch with the source of all personal and social power—that tide of humanity which flows through us like that lift of life in the spring which the rise of the sap brings to the trees. They have become superior persons living at a higher level than that tide can reach; by them it has to be pumped up, and pumping is hard work and they do not like hard work. "The grandson of a king," said Wendell Phillips, "is necessarily one third an idiot."

No one is to be accounted clean for washing

his own feet; only he who helps in some way to wash the feet of all. It is not the merchant princes who will be treasured in the great memory as the best business men, but the merchant democrats creating commonwealth. If we are truly rich, truly free, truly cultured, truly refined, our riches and refinement are but the threads which we spin outwards to make all men what we would be—notes of a music we sound to spread from us everywhere to inspire every ear. At the bar of the last judgment, only they will be able to pass the physical examination as well-fed, who fed "My sheep" at the same time they fed themselves. Some of the exquisites of the avenue, the libraries, the banquets, and the golf links, whose first and last thought is their culture, their elegance, their cheeks, would be shocked to hear themselves indited as exemplars of the coarse and gross, but they are self-confessed. They know, and they know they know these delights, but they stand as the pillars of a social organization which will not let all know them. It is not the reign of refinement, but refinement for themselves they are thinking of; so permitting and promoting a world that cannot be refined, they are

advocates not of refinement but of the denial of refinement. "We egotists of fine culture," said Richard Wagner, "distill our sweet perfumes out of the people, whom we thereby convert into the ill-smelling refuse of society."

The most foolish of the misers hoarding idle gold that might increase and multiply are we who in our most beloved phrase "make money" out of our fellowmen. Every man, every acre, every mill kept idle is a fountain of wealth drying up; our losses in the energies that run to waste in the idleness of the unemployed, in the crops that are never harvested, in the parks of the lords, in the factories closed to restrict the over-production of shoes among an unshod people, in the coal mines shut down in a world not yet half warmed, are the prices we pay for a personal development without social policy. Worst of all our idlenesses—worse than our idle lands and idle hands—are our idle hearts.

A true and full personal development is not possible to any person through himself alone; only society can open and guarantee the race *de la carrière ouverte.* In the old South, the best that a slave could be was to be the best slave. It was the social environment created

by the pen of Abraham Lincoln on New Year's day, 1863, that made it possible for the yellow boy who lay at night cold, hungry, tired, and sleepless under the sidewalks of Richmond in the winter of 1872, to become our Booker T. Washington of Tuskeegee. There are to-day millions of white boys and girls and men and women doomed never to realize themselves, because their Abraham Lincoln has not yet come to sign the proclamation of that wider emancipation for which the world to-day is holding its breath. In their poverty we are poor, in their uncleanness we are unclean, in their ignorance our knowledge comes to naught. The pestilence that robs the millionaire's home of its darling, rose in the slums he saw every day and left unredeemed. The Poland which the Republic of the west saw dismembered breeds out of its despair the hand that strikes down the President of that Republic.

Where is the arithmetic to calculate what the South and the nation and the world have gained and are still more to gain by the exchange of the slave values of men and women into their free values. Here we begin to get the secret of individualism. It gets by

giving, and the key-note of its highest possibilities is that all shall give and so all shall get of their best—reciprocity made universal in the only way it can be made universal by social organization. The most individualistic individual is precisely he who needs most the social policy which will realize all the individualisms of all his brothers and sisters. The world is a corporation in which we are all stockholders, whether our name has yet been entered upon the books or not—not in the case of women—and the more wealth each stockholder adds to the common stock the better. Democracy is not a leveller, though we have been taught so by some whom it has certainly levelled. It does not even level, the ruler. Washington, Lincoln, Gladstone, stood at levels impossible to kings. The policy which releases unto even the young rail-splitter the chance to be greater than a king does certainly not level the people. The most individualistic thing in the world is democracy. It is only individuals and good ones that can run a democracy; masses are what despotisms need and breed. There have never yet anywhere been wealth, culture, refinement; nothing but intimations of them. Not until we have a

society which will release all the capabilities for these things for every one shall we get within dreaming distance of the life personal and social that will some day surely be ours. Only democracy can do that,—that democracy which is the use of all the resources of nature by all the faculties of man for the good of all the people.

Society moves forward as its persons do by lurching from one loss of balance to another, and by perpetual compromises between its right and left achieving uprightness and a line of progress. We have been over-emphasizing the individual, for several generations, especially in America. We had to do it to escape from the over-emphasis of social organization in medieval forms become outworn of church, guild, paternal state. But the social is re-asserting itself in the general mind and conscience as if it were a new idea, but not to revive the Oriental superstitions of self-sacrifice and renunciation. A new religion, a new politics, and a new political economy are to come out of the West from the western man as a new science has come; it will be the opposite of the religion of the East with its beatitudes of lassitude. In the western man's

vocabulary, to sacrifice will regain its real meaning, to make sacred, that is to use, not to lose. To work, not to worship; to produce, not to pray; to create, not to obey, will be the infinitives of the western creed. Its first place it will give to the young, not to the old; its principle will be efficiency, not faith; its great word will be, not authority, but opportunity; it will find in kindliness all the dignity deportment needs; the property it accumulates will be the mutual enjoyment of all the properties of man and nature. Even in its grasping commercialism, there is more of the true gospel of life than in the lives of all the mendicant saints; it prays by working, they worked by praying. Tolstoyism is the last flicker of this Oriental philosophy born in an ignorant break of day when man was a slave of terrors which he translated into his religion of renunciation to an angry God. Consistently, if not logically, the Tolstoi who preaches self-sacrifice, as in the subjection of women, at one end of his creed, denounces patriotism at the other. No man can love mankind who does not love his country. To love his country, a man must love his city, to love his city he must love his family, and to

learn to love his family as it deserves, a man must love himself. Here is the poetry in which the individual blossoms—not withers—and the world is more and more. A new social organization is to be born of a new individualism. Its first and specific and definite task will be general jail delivery of the prisoners of poverty. Here are the coming ideas that are to rule the immediate future. Hitch your wagon to a star—to this rising star.

IX

NO MEAN CITY

IT was the World's Fair did it, and this is how it came about. The frolic of the summer was over, and the people who had strolled down the Midway and sailed the Lagoons and had marvelled at the illumination of the Court of Honor had scattered back to their homes in the four quarters of Christendom and Pagandom. The "gorgeous palaces and cloud-capt towers" of the Dream City were left in the whiteness of death to be put out of sight. The work of dismantling the lovely buildings began. A deep financial depression had followed the boom that had come with the Fair, and perhaps because they were chilled and stupefied by the hard times the people seemed entirely indifferent to this act of vandalism. But in a year or two good times came again, and then there came into the minds of the people as by the dropping of

scales from their eyes a deep and sudden vision of what had been the soul of the Dream City. It was seen that the people had builded better than they knew. They had given themselves to raise against the sky some "stately pleasure domes," of a midsummer exposition that would vanish at the first touch of the frost, with the flowers. They had aimed to do this little thing; they had done an immortal thing. They had created a new beauty that would be radiant in the memory of mankind.

The people had faint-heartedly come to believe what their political economists had been telling them—that they were hopelessly given over to smoke and whir, dinners, sleep, and dollars, but there had come from them a loveliness which was a new wonder. Out of a world of toil which had been taught to believe that its hands must be against every man and every man against them, there had come this glorious illustration of what can be done when men labor with each other and not against each other, getting a sum total in which every effort and every worker survives, instead of a sum total which is the melancholy roll-call after a battle. Under this new inspiration, the people rose spontaneously

against the destruction of the World's Fair City, and demanded that it be rebuilt. Its beauty saved it. Stone is cheap, but the block of stone, six feet by two, we call the Venus de Milo, has become immortal, proof against the "unimaginable touch of time," and saved through all the vicissitudes of Greek and French revolutions, through two thousand years. This stone is priceless, and over the beauty of the Venus de Milo the heart of mankind has stood perpetual guard. The same genius of fraternity and co-operation which had created the Palaces of Beauty, and Harmony, and Fruitfulness in the Fair was invoked again for this work of reconstruction. The great artists and architects of the country were called together to sit once more as friends in council to settle whether, and how, and how long the White City should be kept. Science and Art and the voice of the people agreed that the lath and plaster of the original buildings should be replaced in marble. The Liberty Bell was hung aloft and rang out morning, noon, and night its message, "A new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another." Something of the spirit of a religious revival spread among the people,

as when the Middle Ages built the great cathedrals. Organizations of labor called for volunteers to give spare time to this rebuilding. The rich brought silver, gold, jewels, and skilled artisans the cunning work of their hands. Artists painted, and cut, and modelled for the joy of being built into these new walls. Merchant princes and great men gave time that was worth hundreds of dollars an hour. Some meannesses, shortages, hatreds, there were; but they were lost in the general effect, as the discords are lost in music when the multitudes sing.

While they were thus engaged the spiritual secret of the power that was in them became revealed to the people. A few who had long been waiting for day recognized it first, and from them it spread into the general consciousness that the people were better than they had believed themselves to be, that the faithful sowing of something better than of justice, which Ruskin, Carlyle, Mazzini, Wordsworth, Lowell, Dickens, Tolstoi had been doing was coming to its harvest. Athens had a population of 500,000, only 100,000 of them free, when it built the Parthenon, the Temple of Victory, the temples of Jupiter, Olympus, of

Neptune, of Theseus, the White City of the Acropolis, of two thousand years ago,—that glorious picture painted in the purple of the grape, the gleam of Grecian marble, the red blood of Marathon, the blue of the bluest sky and sea on earth. The new White City now built by Chicago was the creation of 2,000,000 with 65,000,000 more helping—all free. As the White City grew, Chicago began to feel the necessity of living up to this better self. To save the marble walls, statues, friezes, of the new White City from pollution by the muddy rivers of smoke that flowed through the air, it was universally demanded that the smoke nuisance be ended in earnest. Then Chicago had to be really paved, which it had never been and had to be kept clean, which it had never been, to save the White City from dust, and while they were about it the people made the new pavements noiseless. Horses were forbidden any longer to defile the streets, eyes, and lungs. Locomotives had to go, and electric drays, trucks, carriages and motors did all traffic and travel. Then between the scene at the Park of white walls, set off by green grass and blue waves, masses of foliage, and creeping vines,—between that

and the unrelieved monotony and crowded ugliness of the main city, there came to be a protest that grew plainer every day. Discontent arose with conditions of life even on the boulevards. All who could emigrated into the country. They had to come and go for their business, and this brought about a revolution in all the means of rapid transit in the city and suburbs. The country for a hundred miles about was scoured for sites by flowing streams, or ranges of hills, near picturesque rocks, most of all by our American Mediterranean Sea. Wherever possible the movement was made in colonies to get conveniences, economies, and beauties of living, that would be out of the reach of single effort. The means of transportation had to be adapted to this expansion of the suburban idea, and all the railroads were rebuilt, so that the speed which had been made in spurts and short runs by the Exposition flyers at the rate of 112 and 120 miles an hour for the delectation of railroad directors became a regular thing for the delectation of the democracy. It was a matter of course with all this, that all the tracks in the city should be put out of sight, and off the street level,

and that all the different roads should be connected with each other. One could start from any point within the enlarged limits, and go to any other point for one fare—north, east, south, or west.

Chicago sent commissions abroad to see what was being done by other cities to develop and dignify life. Its people felt that they could not afford to do less than was being done by any other community anywhere. The overhead trolley was abolished because Buda-Pesth was driving its cars by an underground current. If the government of Paris could own and operate telephones, so could Chicago. If Glasgow could have public baths and laundries, so could Chicago. If London and Birmingham could buy land and build model blocks of model homes for the workingmen, so could Chicago. If Berlin and Vienna could provide pneumatic tubes through which letters and telegrams and parcels could be whisked from one end to another for a few cents; if a town in England could operate its street railways for itself, so could Chicago. If hundreds of towns and cities in Europe and America could own their own gas works and electric light plants, so could Chicago. If

Paris could give all its children in the schools, not only the three R's, but such knowledge of the arts, and art, as to qualify them to do work that all the world would want; if London and New Zealand could banish contractors and middlemen in public works, and build sewers and railroads, as our representatives found them doing, and build them better and cheaper by public enterprise than by private enterprise; if a German town could administer lands and woods so successfully as to pay its citizens dividends instead of making them pay taxes—so could Chicago. If all these cities and towns could prove it to be cheaper to own and operate these street cars, telegraphs, telephones, pneumatic tubes, gas works, electric lights, baths, laundries, dwelling houses, than to leave them in private hands; if they could show that it is cheaper to pay three or four per cent. interest on their real value when publicly owned than six to ten per cent. dividends on their watered value when privately owned—Chicago could prove the same thing.

The great-mindedness which had given the idea of enlisting artists and architects from other places in building the White City, and

of making it not only a congress of things but a congress of ideas, reforms, religion, was their guiding star in this work of city reconstruction in Chicago. It was felt that it was for this city to consummate in one triumph of civic common-sense and patriotism the tendencies which these other communities were striving after, one by one and piecemeal. The happy harmony with which professors, business men, ministers, workingmen, artists, men and women, had got into the habit of working in the World's Fair enabled this task of re-making the city to be carried on with marvellous efficiency and rapidity. The professors showed that the municipal enterprises being undertaken in one city or another, however unlike they seemed, had really a common origin. They were manifestations of the rise among the people of new capabilities of self-government, and of working together. The professors pointed out, too, that these movements had not only a common origin but a common destiny,—to prove that the city like the nation, or the church, or any other society could be successful only as far as it was a brotherhood. The professors said: Let us prove ourselves able to see and live

up to the whole circle of municipal fraternity of which these isolated experiments are merely unconnected curves. It did not seem after all much of a chore, when the matter was looked at in that light, for the citizens to resolve that their city should be an emporium, a department store, so to speak, of all the reforms which had been found to be practicable in any other city. And this was done. All the reforms successful in any other town in Europe or America were installed by a simultaneous effort in Chicago, from the Swiss administration of the liquor business to the telephone newspaper on tap night and day in the homes of Buda-Pesth. As one of the citizens said: In jumping a ditch it is no economy to jump half way. As all the countries were largely represented in the population, places of honor were given in the initiation of each reform to the leading representatives in Chicago of the nation from which it was borrowed. In this naturalization of foreign reforms the Swedes were put to the front in the Swedish ones, Germans in the German, British in the British, and so on. But all were under American control. So it was made possible to produce here at one

concentrated stroke every municipal reform that had anywhere shown itself able to stand the test of actual practice. The city got oceans of credit for this. It began to be called the Imperial City. But there was after all need of only moderate intelligence to see what others had seen before. It took little social bravery to risk what had been proved by other cities to be no risk but a gain in dollars and cents and a gain in things like the abolition of political corruption worth a great deal more than dollars and cents. What the city really had especially to its credit and its luck, was that largeness of view and of inspiration which had first been made evident in the World's Fair, and then made larger by that success. It had often been pointed out that the scores of reforms in the city life of the world, breaking out in spots here and there, were essentially but one reform, and were all connected at their bases like a mountain range, whose tallest peaks only can be seen above the clouds; but the people of this city were the only folks with faith enough in truth and their star, to annex the whole range at sight of the peaks.

It had been fondly expected by most people

that all these municipalizations and this growth in wealth, speed, cleanliness, brilliancy, convenience, would put an end to all social discords, and that the questions of labor and capital would answer themselves, and poverty disappear in the triumphs of progress. But with every new perfection in the equipment of city life the army of the unemployed increased. The scale on which men traded in land, goods, money, stocks and bonds, grew more magnificent with the magnificence of the city. Promises of science at the World's Fair that had but touched the edge of the powers and combinations it was going to put at the service of man, were fulfilled in inventions which made life almost a dream to every one except the hundreds of thousands of workingmen they threw out of employment. Billionaires and unemployed were ground out by the same machines.

But in the meantime a great change in manners had been taking place. While this tendency toward social difference accelerated itself, a change in the opposite direction went on ripening in manners. It was a continuation of the change that had been going on in the plain view of every one since time began.

The evolution of the human heart which had put an end to the whipping of wives, then the whipping of children, and had made it as bad form to get mad as to get drunk, now carried its amelioration of temper into the relations between employer and employed, rich and poor, the classes and the masses. The change was not a new one; it had been in progress from the first beginnings of history, but now it moved with great rapidity as everything did in this age of electricity. It simply became hopelessly unfashionable, and then absolutely vulgar for any one to threaten or rage against another fellow-being. As for acts of violence they were as inconceivable as cannibalism had become long before. It was not law or the repressive force of the state that put an end to them. They simply died out under the gentle duress of a universal amiability, as slavery died in Massachusetts without abolition. Lord Chief-Justice Coleridge of England, in opening court in November, 1893, had called attention to the remarkable decrease of crime for a number of years, all the more noteworthy at that moment on account of the fierce war raging between the coal owners and coal miners. This decrease

of crime was part of the softening of the human spirit and continued until sessions of the criminal courts became almost as rare as trials by fire or the judicial combat. People of a philanthropic turn had been looking forward to the coming of the peace which Dante and all the poets have said to be the indispensable condition of a higher civilization, but they had not expected anything better than that it would follow the social readjustment. They nor any one else had dreamed that it would precede and make possible this readjustment—that the coming peace would thus first herald itself in manners. Violence of speech, destruction of life and property, illegal riots by the people, and legal riots by the police and military got to be obsolete.

Perhaps one cause of this was the extent to which women had come to take part in business. The sex line had gone. Women were in every business; they bought and sold, built and manufactured, competed and consolidated as freely as men, if anything, more freely. Being newer and being by nature more enthusiastic, women ran into money-making with even greater fierceness than men. By 1950, the greatest merchant in the city,

the head of the great drygoods, grocery, hardware, and notion trust, which controlled every wholesale and retail store in the country, was a woman, and not an old woman. Though women had rather quickened than dampened the fires of competitive fury, they had unquestionably the lion's share, or the lamb's share, in making gentleness the universal tone in the world of affairs as they had previously done in the family and society. The presence of women made it possible to finish many reforms in the condition of women and children in industry, and of men themselves, in which the men had flunked while they had the chief command. The school age was raised, and child labor forever ended; the wages of women everywhere from factory-workers to school-teachers were made equal for equal work to those of men. As for the more revolting conditions of children's and women's work which first inspired factory and shop legislation, they were so long gone as to be almost forgotten. Women voted universally. They had kept going to the polls to offer their votes until the election judges got tired of the legal fiction that the ability of human beings to form valid opinions depended upon whether

they wore petticoats or pantaloons. When the mother, the wife, the sister, sat in the legislature, it did not take long to pass eight-hour or four-hour laws, to permit workingmen to see their families by daylight; and laws making it impossible for employers to break up the unions of their men, and many other similar measures for which the workingmen had been agitating with masculine incompetency for many years. When this free entry of women into business and politics was accomplished, every one saw what only some had seen in advance, that now for the first time was democracy within sight. It is the essence of democracy that the welfare to which all contribute must be administered by all, but here had been democracy in which a half was given the privilege of administering over the whole. It is the essence of democracy that out of the conflict and comparison of the opinions and efforts of all will emerge as a resultant a better truth, a better decision, than can be had out of any narrower constituency. The enfranchisement of women put an end to the absurdity of calling that Vox Populi of which the better half had been gagged.

But, notwithstanding all these reforms, and this enriching and sweetening of the common life, there was a cloud in the sky, which grew larger and larger, the cloud of the dispossessed —the unemployed. It had been the size of a man's hand; it was now of the size of many millions of hands—idle hands. Every gain in wealth had the effect of making more of this kind of poverty. Inventions and economies made society richer, but did every one of them make more men idle. Public opinion had become too tender-hearted to endure this, and it was felt to be a loss and a sting. Under the impulse of the idea of the farm colonies of the Salvation Army, which had been borrowed by General Booth from the experiment of Germany and Holland in making settlements for their very poor, a step was now taken, no one guessing the results, which ended in a complete social reconstruction. The prophets and reformers had been crying Revolution so long that most people had settled down to believe there was none, but now it came. But it came softly, as spring comes. Revolutions are a part of Evolution, and this was a natural development. Its key-note was—Justice, not Charity—the Justice that demands that every

man who lives shall work, and every man who works shall live; not the Charity which doles out half-life with its left hand to those from whom its right hand withholds the chance to give and receive full life. Large tracts of land were bought, and the unemployed were enrolled in colonies, and set to work to make a living for themselves. This was done at first by private citizens of wealth and good will. They did the pioneering. As in Boston cooking schools, sewing schools, and manual training schools were first demonstrated to be practical by the labor and money of men and women like Alpheus Hardy, Mrs. Hemenway, Mrs. Quincy Shaw, and Miss Fay, and when the city was convinced, were handed over to it, so it was done here. The experiments were suggested and urged largely by a new school of political economists and statisticians. The central commodity of their philosophy was not land, nor money, nor goods, but men. It was absurd, they maintained, to boast of the inventions and multiplications of machines, while we leave to rust and rot the machine of machines, man himself, the machine that will multiply itself, that will invent other machines, that can love and be a brother. They

proved that every man with modern means can produce many times more than he can consume, and held that if mankind understood the mere money value of a man it would stop talking about overpopulation, and would ring bells, and give a bonus for every baby born. They figured out that when a child died from unwholesome conditions, the community suffered a monetary loss of thousands of dollars, and the number of millions in which they figured out the cost of the unnecessary death-rate of children, men, and women, looked like the monthly statement of the national debt. They had statistics to show that every idle man if put at work, besides supporting himself, could procure enough in less than three years to replace all the capital advanced in the shape of machines, buildings, material, to employ him. As there were millions of unemployed, here was the loss of a daily might-have-been of millions of wealth, thousands of millions a year. It was this new political economy, by the way, which put an end to the standing armies of Europe. When the people learned to figure the economic loss of keeping millions of men to destroy instead of to produce, all the life died out of the military idea.

The way in which the plans had been made for the World's Fair in Chicago gave the model for the organization of these settlements of the unemployed. Plans and suggestions were invited from the best men, practical and theoretical, all over the world. Every one agreed that it would be unfair that the wealth produced by these poor men, who had nothing at all, and were beginning the world all over again, should go to anybody but themselves. So it was settled first that there was to be no profit taken out of their product. They were to repay what was advanced, nothing more. Every feature of the experiments was planned by experts—from the selection of the site to the division of employments. A scheme of life was platted in which were embodied all the latest and best results of sanitary, industrial, and artistic experience here and in Europe. All the people who were to live here had to make for themselves all that was to be, and as they were to pay back all that was advanced there was no scrimping in the plans. The river, for instance, was held as sacred by the sanitary engineers as by the landscape architects. Not one drop of sewage was ever to be allowed to

soil its waters and banks, or to be discharged by it upon the luckless people living beyond. No houses or factories were to be allowed to back up against it. At the suitable point docks and slips were laid out for ships and steamers. For the rest, the river was treated as the chiefest jewel of the place. Around every house was a garden so that the children could find clean dirt to grow on and play in, and as the houses stood each separate, every room was brightened and disinfected by sunshine, and cooled in summer by the southwest wind. All of the unemployed were put to work for which they were fitted; skilled watchmakers and college-bred men were not set to breaking their backs and their hearts in breaking stones. As far as the knowledge and experience of the time permitted, a perfect city was laid out, but there was no Utopia about it. Nothing was admitted that had not stood the test of practical experience in some place. This co-operation of the experts produced the plans of a city as far beyond any that was then in existence, as the World's Fair which had been created in the same way excelled all other expositions.

When a name was sought for this new suburb of Chicago, some one recalled the remark of St. Paul that he was a citizen of No Mean City, and the name of No Mean City was chosen. No compulsion was necessary to get the unemployed into the settlement. The very tramps ran over each other for a chance to live the life possible there.

Never did men work as these men did. They knew that they were to have for themselves all they made and produced and that put wings to their fingers. Even when temporary shelter was all there was, pending the erection of the permanent buildings, every man was encouraged to bring his family. Every one had to work and to work at something that was necessary to the general plan. It was impossible to say that one necessary thing was any more necessary than any other necessary thing. The things were all necessary. The people were all necessary. The man who made the plough, the man who used it; the man who cured disease, the man who dug the sewer trench that prevented disease; there was no arithmetic to say which one was worth the most. Hence from the first it was

made part of the plan that as all the work was done by the joint labors of all, it should belong to all. It would have been absurd in a reform of the unemployed problem to make more unemployed by starting again the scramble for "more" which gives those with big claws so much that nothing is left for those of smaller or more generous hands. To meet the objection strongly urged that this would simply keep the busy and good at work for the lazy and bad, a special commission was sent to examine such places as Amana, Iowa, New Lebanon, in New York, and others where this economic plan had been tested. The commission unanimously reported the objection to be merely a theory; the fact was that there was no such shirking; that this was demonstrated by a hundred years of practice as among the Shakers; and they added that no such power to control the actions of men was to be seen in operation in the outside world—not in its whips, or jails, or gallows, or starvation, as was exercised in these communities by the irresistible suasion of their public opinion.

By one of those return curves, of which human development is full, child labor which

the whole world had been crying out against, became one of the corner-stones of the new community. In a place where labor made life bright, happy, beautiful, and rich for all; where by the multiplication of co-operation the laborer received a thousand times as much as he gave, labor was the badge of honor. An enthusiasm for it possessed the people. It was noticed that the play of the children imitated the occupations of their elders. When they saw walls being built, they built little walls of their own; they copied as they could the machines they saw used about them. This gave the hint for the schools. The course of study was made Life itself. What the community was doing outside the children reproduced within. They dug, hammered, stitched, joined, cooked, experimented, and in doing so learned to read, write, cipher, draw, not from conning books in drudgery, but by an almost unconscious absorption from their teachers, and from their employment. The multiplication table was taught in the rows of vegetables and of flowers in the garden, and was merely an incident of the delight of an out-door life, and doing the same kind of thing the fathers and big brothers were seen doing. By the

time the children—and such children these were—reached the grammar school grades, they were accomplished mechanicians, horticulturists, cooks, anatomists, or what not. Their product came to be so considerable as to be a very large item in the sum total produced by the community. The outcry against machinery, which even minds like Ruskin and Morris had joined in, had no footing in No Mean City where its benefits went entirely to the labor that made it and used it. Every new invention was hailed with welcome. Many of the inventions were made by the pupils in the schools. All of them were placed at their disposal. Every device that displaced hand labor was a step forward. Many complicated processes were carried on from the raw material to the finished product, almost without the intervention of a hand All the cotton cloth needed in No Mean City was easily made in a few hours each week by the senior class of the high school, as a part of its study of fibres and machinery; and so with many other things.

Now happened what was inevitable. The wealth of No Mean City began to overflow. The people of Chicago in giving the inhabi-

tants of No Mean City their start had not thought of putting them under any prohibition against competing with themselves. The products of the new looms, mills, shops, began to flood the market. There were no shut-downs and lock-outs in No Mean City to create scarcity, and high prices on our plea of over-production—over-production in a world underclothed, underfed, and underbred. There was no suppression of new patents. All the wheels were kept going, and a very Niagara of commodities, as honest as the sunshine in which they were made, and almost as cheap, flowed forth. The parent city to its astonishment found itself being competed out of existence by its own offspring. As often as workmen in the old city were thus thrown out of employment, they were invited into No Mean City and given the same kind of start its first settlers had. No Mean City began to advertise for unemployed in the daily papers here and abroad. It advanced them the money to come on with. It advertised for children; any destitute waif was gladly received. Its people discovered that the "Sacredness of Human Life" and the "Brotherhood of Man" had a money value as well as

a humanity value in economics as in the churches or in the Declaration of Independence. That even as wealth producers, the Tiny Tims and Little Nells and Miss Wrens of mankind were worth a great deal more than their keep, while in the higher regions of human value, no one, no matter how poor the inner outfit, had ever come to No Mean City but that some one there found somewhere tucked away under the human shell some touch of tenderness with which he could exchange. The working people of the parent city, Chicago, finally took to seeking shelter under the wings of their irresistible rival, without waiting to be competed out of their jobs and converted into the unemployed. Capitalists, traders, and manufacturers began to flock out of Chicago where most of them knew they were likely to end in the bankruptcy court, and began life again as brothers in No Mean City, where no one went into bankruptcy.

Entirely unexpected was the evolution by which No Mean City found itself competing out the farmers in the country behind it, as thoroughly as it had competed out the business men in the city before it. That it would

solve the problem of getting the people back on the land, and put an end to the gluttonous consumption of the rural population by the cities was something no one had looked for, but that is what it did. The country people found it of no use to raise fruit when all the roads and lanes and byways of No Mean City hung with berries, grapes, apples,—fruit free to all, planted by the wayside and tended by the school-children as part of their monthly festivals. They could not remain content to raise grain by their old-fashioned process within the narrow reach of their poor individualism when they saw in the great school and college farm of No Mean City that one hundred bushels of wheat were easily got, and that its young men and women could cultivate ten acres to their one, doing a great deal of the work with drills, ploughs, reapers, cultivators, and wagons run by electricity and unattended except as they were guided from a central point. It had always been idle to ask the ambitious, the social, the strong among the younger people of the farm districts not to take themselves to the city. It had been equally useless to ask the enervated, or the

unequipped of the city, to brave the solitude of the farm. That would be to have rivers run up hill. But here was a solution which was central to both these difficulties. Here in the same place was country for city people, and city for country people. The country farmers abandoned their land to go into farming in No Mean City; the farms they left were to a large extent reabsorbed by the city, and it thus found a cheap supply of room for its expansion.

It had been predicted during the World's Fair of 1893, that children then born would see Chicago with a population of ten millions. This prediction was never fulfilled in that city, until it was annexed to its offspring No Mean City, and then the population was twenty millions. The new city by that time had completely surrounded the old one. It had harbors to the north and south; it had established waterway communication with the Pacific and Atlantic for the largest vessels through Canada and through New York State, through Illinois to the Mississippi River, and through Nicaragua. Though inland, No Mean City had thus achieved the destiny

which its parent city had hoped for, of becoming the greatest seaport in the world. A day came when it was discovered by some of the seniors in the high school that the steel in most of the high buildings of the old city, of which many hundreds had been built before its decadence began, had crystallized, owing to the incessant oscillation of the particles by the swaying of the wind, and the expansion and contraction of heat and cold, and they were in danger of going to pieces as railroad bridges do from the effects of continual motion. The old city of Chicago was now regarded as a horror and an injury to the health, morals, and artistic sensibilities of the people. Because of the lack of sunshine and contact with the earth, due to the old-fashioned method of building in blocks, the Board of Health had refused for many years to allow any families with children to live there. It was voted to put an end to the old city, and replace it by a great Court of Honor. And so, in 1971, it was burned down on the Centennial anniversary of the great fire which had ravaged it October 9, 1871. The Chicago River and the lake shore were restored by the landscape architects to their original purity and beauty. The

soil of the city had to be ploughed and disinfected, and sown with aromatic plants for many years before it was sweet again. The site of the city was made a great park, and in it arose universities, theatres, libraries, meeting-halls, colosseums for sports and public festivals, and temples of every religion professed by the millions living around. Room was made for all with equal willingness in the spirit of the saying of the ancient Emerson, that all the religions were one wine in different colored glasses. The world had seen many great cities, but here for the first time it saw a good city—good enough for human beings to be born in, to live in, and to die in. Of what was now seen in the new Court of Honor which consummated the aspirations of the little Court of Honor of the World's Fair of 1893, more than one hint had been given before in the history of the world's great cities, but here for the first time was seen the ideal city the great Greek philosopher was dreaming of when he said twenty-five hundred years ago, that a city is an association of equals for the pursuit of happiness, and that happiness is the perfect practice of virtuous energies; and

that the poet Wordsworth had in mind when he wrote:

"Man whose name
And nature God disdained not,
Man whose soul
Christ died for—can not forfeit
His high claim,
To live and move exempt from all control
Which fellow feeling doth not mitigate."

INDEX

Adams, John, 149
Adams, Samuel, 186
Alleviation no cure for social ills, 54
Alva, 115
America, its debt to Holland, 112, 120
its duty to other nations, 117–121, 123, 124
American Anti-Slavery Association, 10
American misrule, 116
Anarchists, 141, 142, 144
Anarchy in government, 137, 142
Applied Christianity, 185
Arbeiterbund, 140
Arbitrary power, danger of, 144
Aristophanes, 85
Aristotle, 23, 167, 186
Armenia, 115
Arnold, Matthew, 64
Art, 50, 66
Atheism, 178
Athens, 204
Austria, war with Italy, 35

Ballot, power of, 146
Bancroft, 10
Beecher, Henry Ward, 168
Bellamy, Edward, 153
Berlin, 207, 210
Birmingham, 183, 207
Bismarck, 9
Blacklisting, 151
Booth, General, 217
British misrule, 110, 115
Brook Farm, 86, 88
Browning, 192
Buda-Pesth, 207, 210
Bunyan, 74
Burke, 86, 107
Burne-Jones, 49, 62
Burns, John, 67, 180
Business must be service, 155
Butler, 167
Byron, 61, 64, 67, 153

Cabot, 74
Carbonari, 30
Carlyle, 48, 49, 51, 55, 67, 82, 84, 86, 89, 92, 93, 147, 153, 204
Carlyle, Mrs., 89
Caroline, Queen, 60
Carpenter, Edward, 64
Cavour, 6, 9
Channing, 74
Charity, 217
Charles Albert, 35
Charles V., 120
Chicago, its great opportunities, 122
Child labor, 223
Christ, 1, 107, 150
Christianity, 150
Church, conservatism of, 11, 150
Church of the future, 13
Church and State, 186
Clarke, William, 2

Clough, Arthur Hugh, 99
Coal miners' strike in Great Britain, 64
Coleridge, Lord Chief Justice, 213
Coliseum of our day, 39
Collective humanity, 13, 16
Columbus, 84
Commonwealth, 174, 186
Common welfare, 166
Compensation, 162, 164
Confiscation, 165
Conflict between freedom and slavery never ceases, 114
Contract under duress is void, 158, 166, 167, 171
Conway, Moncure D., 73, 78, 91
Council of Vienna, 33
Crisis of to-day, 153
Cuba, 115
Culture, 192, 194, 195

Dangerous classes, 8
Dante, 13, 101, 102, 106, 192, 214
Danton, 153
Darwin, 73
Davidson, Thomas, 90
Davis, Jefferson, 168
Declaration of Independence, 89
Decree of Emperor of China, 151
Democracy, 23, 102, 172, 197, 216
Development of modern cities, 180–183
Dial, The, 86
Dickens, 153, 204
Disraeli, 76, 97

Economic appreciation, 44
Education, 224
Eight-hour day, 52
Eldon, 140
Eliot, George, 153, 166
Elizabeth, Queen, 119
Emancipation, 10, 162, 165, 169, 196
Emerson, visit to California, 72
  the Sequoia of mankind, 72
  appreciation of his keen humor, 73
  anticipates Darwin, 73
  Divinity School Address, 74
  on the English novel, 74
  on the English church, 75
  at Shakespeare's grave, 75
  the unexpected wit in, 76
  his keen imagination, 78
  on immortality, 79
  his high physical and mental vitality, 81, 82, 84
  his wealth of phraseology, 83, 84
  on Montaigne, 83
  insularity of the English, 83
  "Unity of Nature," 83
  his contradiction of utterance, 84
  on New England Reformers, 85–87
  on Brook Farm, 86, 88
  on Declaration of Independence, 89
  on English nobility, 90
  on men of wit, 91
  his appreciation of humor, 92
  his objection to loud laughter, 93
  refinement of his humor, 93
  on Goethe's "Elective Affinities," 97
  growth of an Emerson legend, 98
Emerson, 5, 10, 11, 26, 47, 62, 103, 147, 148, 149, 153, 175, 188, 191, 231
Equality, 17, 172

Erasmus, 149, 150, 154
Ethical renaissance of our day, 154, 155

Fay, Miss, 218
Flavel, 74
Fools, danger to society, 145, 167
Forfeiture for non-user and misuser, 160
Fort Sumter, 168
Franchises are contracts, 159
Fraser, Sir William, 76
Frederick the Great, 173
Free contract, 158
Freedom of conscience, 105
French Republic against Italy, 35
French Revolution, 169
"Friends of Universal Progress," 86
Fuller, Margaret, 36, 93

Gage, Lyman J., 142
Garetti and Laneri executed in Genoa, 28
Garrison, 10, 11, 153, 161, 164, 171
George, Henry, 153
George III., 119, 173
Gladstone, 117, 197
Glasgow, 183
Goethe, 62, 97, 187
Gospel of social sympathy, 175, 176
Gould, Rev. Dr., 89
Government, duty of, 131
Greeley, Horace, 89, 120
Green, T. H., 105
Guild system, 53

Hamilton, 150
Hardy, Alpheus, 218
Harvard scholarship accused, 148, 149
Hawthorne, 85
Hemenway, Mrs., 218
Higginson, 84
Holland, our debt to, 112, 120
  first in establishing religious liberty, 112
  its influence on other nations, 113
  its heroic struggle with Spain, 114, 117, 120
Holmes, 73, 88, 96
Holy Alliance of the people, 19
House of Savoy, 34
Howells, 153
Hughes, Thomas, 105
Hugo, Victor, 5, 67, 153
Human nature, 17, 114
Hunt, Helen, 116
Hutchinson, Anne, 103

India, British misrule in, 110, 115
Individual and social regeneration, 174
Individualism, 174, 184, 196
Ingram, 157
Insurrection, fear of, 168, 169
Interstate Commerce Law, 167
Ireland, British misrule, 115
Italy, long struggle for liberty, 33

James, Henry, 82
Jameson, 51
Jesus, 11
Justice, 133, 138, 217

Kent, 140
Kossuth, 8, 9, 25

Labor, wrongs of, 18, 19
Labor movement is ethics, 156
Labor question, importance of, 144
Lafayette, 32, 64
Land, 119

Law and order betrayed, 127, 129
Law nullified, 167
Law of meeting and free speech, 140, 141
Laws violated by police, 125, 140, 141
Lechlade, 68
Leeds, 183
Levellers, 104, 105
Liberty, 22, 23, 133, 143, 151, 171, 172, 176
Lincoln, 98, 106, 107, 129, 153, 171, 196
Living wage, 64, 183
London, 207, 208
London County Council, 180
London *Daily Chronicle*, 64
London *Daily News*, 53
Louis Napoleon, 6, 7, 35
Lowell, 47, 73, 93, 150, 153, 171, 172
Luther, 10, 21, 107, 149, 175, 192

Machines, 218, 225
Magna Charta, 126
Maine, Sir Henry Sumner, 112
Manners, change in, 212
Mansfield, 140
Manual training schools, 54
Marathon, battle of, 113, 180
Mark Twain, 85
Markets, slaughter of the, 21
Marshall, 140
Martin, Henry, 160
Martineau, Harriet, 73, 153
Mazzini, prophet of the modern world, 2, 24
  believes in a political Christianity, 3, 4, 7
  his interest in all reforms, 3, 7, 11
  his definition of the French Revolution, 5
  on music, 5
  self-sacrifice of, 6, 26, 27
  secret organizations, 6
  his love of liberty, 9
  disowned by his father, 9
  would not compromise, 10, 32
  proclaims all revolutions religious, 11, 16
  his religious belief, 12–16
  his motto, 13
  believes in a continuous revelation, 14
  his faith in the people, 13, 17–19, 32, 34
  on labor, 15, 19
  to working women of Genoa, 17
  on social question, 18
  denounces privileges, 19
  remedy for the wrongs of labor, 19
  on non-intervention, 24
  on American intervention, 26
  on republics, 26
  his sympathy with suffering, 26, 27
  opens a school for Italian boys, 28
  wears mourning for Italy, 28
  renounces literary career, 29
  joins the Carbonari, 30
  arrest and imprisonment, 30, 31
  issues manifesto of "Young Italy," 31
  refuses position of prime minister, 35
  in Rome, 35, 36
  an exile in London, 36
  midnight journeys across the Channel, 37
  goes to Sicily, 37
  dies in Pisa, 38
Mazzini, 67, 69, 78, 107, 124, 152, 153, 174, 204

Merton Abbey, 51
Metternich, 33, 34
Middle Ages, achievements in, 53
Mill, John Stuart, 55
Millet, 44, 45, 47, 48, 67, 153
Millionaires, right to abolish, 22
Milton, 74
Monroe doctrine, 25
Montaigne, 83
Morals must rule in everything, 155, 156
Morley, 73, 85, 89
Morris, William, his personality, 42, 43
compared with Ruskin, 44
manufacturer and merchant, 45
influence of Ruskin and Carlyle on, 49
ideal industry practised by, 50–54
his factory at Merton Abbey, 51
his relation with his employees, 52
his enthusiasm for the Middle Ages, 53
joins Social Democratic Federation, 55
as an agitator, 55–60
defends right of public speaking, 56, 60
arrested, 56
self-sacrifice for his cause, 60, 64
artist and poet, 61, 63, 65, 66, 69
capitalist and reformer, 61–64
his love of beauty, 62, 65
his passion for others' happiness, 62, 69
his versatility, 62, 65, 69
his belief in work, 63
sympathizes with striking coal miners, 64
a visionary of justice and beauty, 65, 67
his message on art, 66, 69
grief at his death, 67
buried in Lechlade, 68
an artist of humanity, 69
Morris, 153
Morse, 134
Muir, John, 71
Municipal progress, 182–184, 207
Music, Mazzini's definition of, 5
Wagner's, 46, 48
advance in, 64
Mutual wealth, 184, 199

Napoleon, 151
National Democratic Convention, 167
New Amsterdam taken in time of peace, 115
New learning, 154, 171
New liberty, 23
New political economy, 178, 198
New self-consciousness, 177
New self-interest, 178
New York rapid transit, 183
New Zealand, 185, 208
No Mean City, 222
Non-intervention, 24
Norton, Charles Eliot, 84

"Our Century of Dishonor," 116

Palliatives, 8, 163
Palmerston, Lord, 33
Panics, fear of, 169, 170
Paris, 207, 208
Pennell, 57
People's International League, 24

People, the, are not represented, 117
must be economically free, 172
Philip II., 109
Phillips, Wendell, 10, 38, 133, 143, 148, 149, 168, 171, 193
Police break up public meetings, 56–59, 125
Pope, 75
"Popular Apostolate," 28
Poverty, 196
Privilege, dangers of, 19, 22, 172
Public opinion, power of, 106

Quincy, 10

Reformation, 150
Reign of Terror, 169
Religion, new revival of, 155, 178
Religion of democracy, 11
Renan, 77
Republics, continuous growth of, 173, 174
Revolutions of the past incomplete, 21
Revolutions make for progress, 23, 217
Rhode Island first to establish freedom of religion, 103
Rhodes, Cecil, 51
Ricardo, 50
Right of public meeting, 56–60, 125, etc.
defended by Judge Tuley, 140
dangers of illegal interference with, 141–145
Right to freedom, 106
Rings of citizenship, 145, 146
Rogers, Thorold, 113, 114
Roman insurrection, 35, 36
Roman republic, 35
"Rome of the People," 37
Rossetti, 49, 61, 62
Rousseau, 61, 153
Ruskin, 44, 45, 48–51, 55, 63, 67, 137, 147, 148, 153, 179, 204

Sacrifice, 199
Sanborn, F. B., 73
Sand, George, 153
"Scholar in the Republic," 148
Scholars, defenders of liberty, 151, 152
Secret organizations, 6
Self-consciousness, a new, 177
Shaftesbury, Earl of, 7, 8
Shakers, 223
Shakespeare, 75
Shaw, G. B., 56–58
Shaw, Mrs. Quincy, 218
Shelley, 153
Slaughter of the markets, 21
Social contract, 160, 161
Social Democratic Federation, 55
Socialists of Belgium found a university, 151
Social self-interest, 175
Social sympathy, 156, 175–179
Socrates, 107
Solomon, 175
Spain in Holland and Cuba, 115
Stein, 151
Stern, Daniel, 12
Story, 140
Strike, English coal miners', 64
Stuyvesant, Peter, 111
Sumner, 156
"Suppaun bell," 109
Swedenborg, 76
"Sympathetic Banking," 156

Taylor, Father, 75
Tennyson, 62, 86, 107, 153

Thayer, Prof., 93
Thoreau, 72
Tolstoi, 153, 188, 199, 204
Trafalgar Square meetings, 57, 58, 60
Transvaal, 116, 121
True culture, 194
Truth leads to freedom, 20
Tuley, Judge M. F., 140
Turkish misrule, 114, 115
Tyndall, 73
Tyrants, new, more dangerous than old, 116

Unemployed, 119, 123, 217, 219–223
Union of citizenship, 145
"Unity of Nature," 83
Universities, nurseries of liberty, 151
University of Berlin, 151
University of Leyden, 150
University of New York, 150
Utopian dreams of yesterday realized, 121, 179

Vane, Sir Harry, government should be based on consent, 102
  makes proposals for Parliamentary reform, 102
  on death, 103
  the man above ordinances, 103
Venus de Milo, 203
Vested rights, 159
Victor Emmanuel, 6
Vienna, 207

Wagner, 5, 44–46, 48, 63, 67, 69, 153, 195
Walpole, 60
Washington, 115, 118, 121, 133, 143, 146, 197
Washington, Booker T., 196
Waste, 195
Waterloo, battle of, 180
Wayland, 50
Webster, Daniel, 89, 90
Wellington, 180
Whipple, E. P., 79
Whitman, 153
Wilberforce, 171
William of Orange, 109
Wilson, Henry, 168
Woman suffrage, 215
Woodberry, 81
Wordsworth, 67, 82, 86, 153, 191, 204, 232
Wycliffe, 3, 21

"Young Italy," 31, 32, 34

Zeublin, Charles, 52